Saturday Review

MAY 9, 1953 TWENTY CENTS

THE COMMON MAN AS READER

By EDUARD C. LINDEMAN

Henry James

as a young man, subject of a biography by Leon Edel. *(See page 13)*

The Liberal Arts at Mid-Century

By A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD

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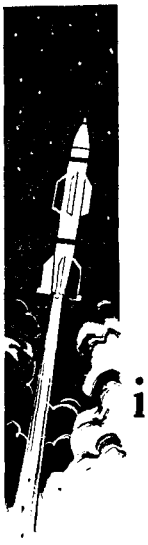
t is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
ut it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

Hurrying a young man into success



f a young man could only see into the future and ead what would happen to him in business, he'd e mighty enthusiastic about his first job.

"I want to be where my best talents can be used. need to polish those talents—not just by schooling, ut by new learning at my work. I don't want to be locked or 'lost' in the crowd. I want to work with eople who know more than I do and have new esponsibilities waiting for me if I succeed in my rst work."

We'd like to say right here that any company orth its salt has exactly that job prescription written or the future of the young men it hires.

Some of our knottiest problems have been unaveled by young men. To be sure, they have had ne counsel of older experts to hurry their success. ut isn't that what a young man wants?

At General Electric, for example, in the fields of jet engines and electronics, gray hair is scarce. In one division the average age is 29 among the 767 engineers working on such things as gyroscopic gunsights, autopilots for jet fighters, bomber armament systems, naval gunfire controls, guided missiles.

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Edited by WILLIAM TENN. 348 pages, $2.95 at all bookstores.
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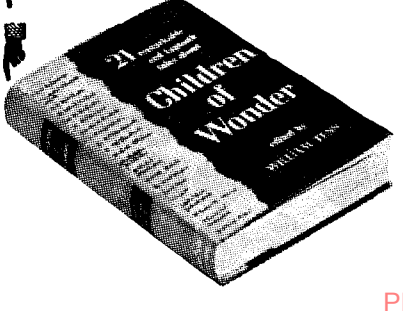

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Good News

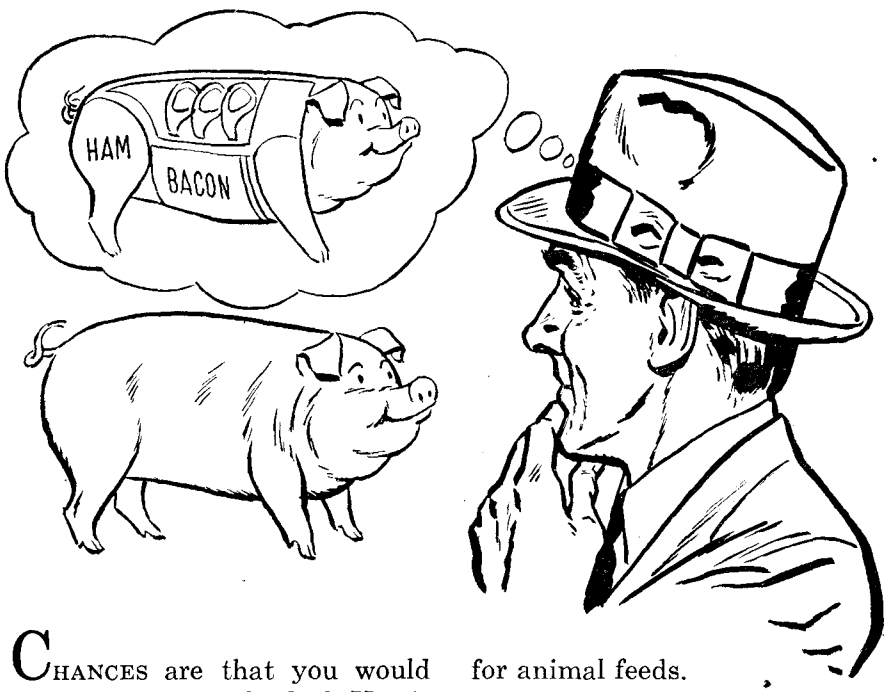
▶ Acharya Vinoba Bhave, fifty-seven-year-old Hindu ascetic and Gandhi disciple, is leading a most astonishing land reform movement today in land-hungry India. The world has seen land reform by forced collectivization as in the Soviet Union, or by government expropriation, with or without compensation. But when has it seen, except for a short time perhaps among the early Christians or during the first short months of the Russian Revolution, the rich voluntarily sharing their land with the poor out of a sense of justice, fellow-feeling, and love? Walking from village to village, Bhave calls upon the rich to give their surplus lands to the poor. He has traveled thousands of miles through the six states of Nadhva Pradesh, Madhya Bharat, Rejasthan, Delhi, Utter Pradesh, and Biha, and collected and redistributed nearly 400,000 acres of arable land.

His goal is nothing less than a sweeping social and spiritual revolution carried through by moral persuasion. Within five years he hopes to redistribute 50,000,000 acres, nearly one-sixth of the total cultivable area of all India. On March 27, leaders of all political parties and both houses of Parliament pledged themselves to support the movement, and some gave land in their own home towns while others gave one month's parliamentary allowance to the cause. Here is what may truly be called "moral power" and "moral leadership." It is a miracle of the spirit.

▶ At least one government is getting ready for the great opportunity which will come in 1955 when there comes automatically on the agenda of the United Nations General Assembly the question as to whether a Review Conference should be called to re-examine and propose amendments for strengthening the United Nations Charter. A Review Conference may be called that year without possibility of veto. The General Netherlands Press Bureau reported on March 26 that "the Netherlands Government shares the opinion of many members of its Parliament that The Netherlands should make thorough preparation for the revision of the U.N. Charter. It is the Government's intention to instal, within a short time, a commission which will have the responsibility to find ways in which The Netherlands can constructively cooperate in this project, and prepare possible proposals." Bully for the Dutch! Oh, by the way, have we begun to get ready yet?

—DONALD HARRINGTON.

Would you save money on pork if you bought a WHOLE PIG?



CHANCES are that you would come out short on the deal. Here's why:

From a 240-pound porker you would get about 100 pounds of the more popular cuts:

(29 lbs. ham, 27 lbs. bacon, 10 lbs. pork chops, 18 lbs. pork roast, 11 lbs. smoked picnic and butts, 8 lbs. pork sausage.)

You'd get about 20 pounds of cuts you buy infrequently, if at all—such as tail, feet, neckbones, spareribs and salt pork.

You'd get a whopping big pail-ful of lard—35 pounds of it—which you could buy at the store for less per pound than the hog cost per pound.

The remainder—a full 90 pounds—would be waste—of absolutely no use to you. But to the meat packer it is the source of many valuable by-products—from glands for medicines to bone meal for animal feeds.

The money he gets from these by-products helps to cover the costs of turning the pig into pork, converting it into store-size cuts, smoking hams and bacon (expenses *you'd* have to *add* to the price of the pig).

Does that help you understand the meaning of the saying that "the meat industry doesn't make money, it *saves* it?"

Did you know

. . . pigs come into a packing plant in "one piece" . . . they leave in as many as 80 different pork products . . . that when you speak of the "meat packing industry" you mean *4,000 different companies* . . . that through their competition, efficient modern methods and full utilization of by-products, your meat is marketed at a *lower service cost* between farm and table than almost any other food?

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TRADE Winds

CONTINUING WITH the very pleasant business of catching up with the hit shows that opened on Broadway while I was away, I can hardly wait to tell you what a wonderful time I had at "Wonderful Town." This is the kind of musical smash, just like "Guys and Dolls," that is gay, imaginative, and original from the very first line of the opening number. You've scarcely settled in your seat when you know that the next couple of hours are going to be sheer delight. Rosalind Russell's performance is superb, the comedy lines of Jerry Chodorov and Joe Fields crisp and witty, and the score by Leonard Bernstein and lyrics by Comden and Green exactly right. Bernstein's score is deceptive in its seeming simplicity. The Decca recording, which we have played over and over in our house (the kids like it as much as we do), reveals its subtle nuances and variety. And now, with Cole Porter's "Can Can" and Dick Rodgers's "Me and Juliet" in the offing ("Married Type Love" is as beguiling a tune as Dick ever wrote), the light-music lover's cup doth verily overflow!

BERNARD SHAW'S "MISALLIANCE," rarely revived these days, is being done to a turn by a notable cast at the Barrymore Theatre. The last two acts are particularly rewarding. Don't make the mistake I did of eating too big a dinner before you go; there are talky sequences in Act I that may lull you into a light doze if you're not careful. . . . The dinner to which I refer, incidentally, was provided by a fine restaurant called Frankie and Johnnie's, one flight up at the northeast corner of Forty-fifth and Eighth. No chi-chi at all—just fine food and not too expensive, as prices go these days. Let the waiter slice your steak for you: they have a special technique there that will open your eyes!

ONE LAST THEATRE TIP (with due apologies for lingering so long on John Mason Brown's territory): whatever you do, don't miss "Camino Real," Tennessee Williams's latest—and most bewildering—play. I suspect that a lot of it is sheer pretentiousness and dipsy-doodle, but I found, somewhat to my own surprise, that I was deeply enjoying every minute of it. Kazan's direction, as usual, provides the kind of excitement you hope for when you enter a theatre. Tennessee Williams, William Inge, Arthur Miller, Arthur Laurents—that is the quartette that is restoring the professional touch to the stage today and, since all of them are represented on the boards at the present moment, it's turned out to be rather a banner season after all, despite a lamentably halting start. . . . Now if Bob Sherwood, George Kaufman, Moss Hart, and Lillian Hellman would only come up with new and standard products, we could let Hollywood wallow in its 3-D-lirium without the slightest concern!

John O'Hara has heard the call! His "The Searching Sun" and dramatization of "The Farmers Hotel" ready for production, he's now toying with the book of a new musical. If it's only as good as "Pal Joey"! . . .

WHAT KEEPS MOSS HART from plunging back into the Broadway wars is a series of Hollywood offers no man in his right mind could resist. No sooner had he finished the script for Judy Garland's musical adaptation of "A Star Is Born" than Darryl Zanuck snagged him to do a screen version of "The Prince of Players." Moss and wife, Kitty, plus two small children (Chris is six, Kathy is three) promptly leased Norma Shearer's luxurious beach house at Santa Monica, and there they'll be straight through the summer. There, too, Moss will have ample opportunity to test the effectiveness of his new system for training the young. He calls it "The Klobber Method," and I'll let him explain its intricacies in his own words:

Dear Bennett:

Do you remember, one lovely starlit evening on the desert a few weeks ago, our discussing at some length and with a good deal of parental acrimony, the proper method of bringing up children? That usually discerning and extremely wise lady, your wife, disagreed violently and somewhat haughtily, I thought, at the method we use in our house, but I thought you showed unusual interest in our experiment and silently longed to apply it yourself, so I pass it on to you and to any other frantic and harassed parents who, like ourselves, were damn near ready for the booby-hatch un-

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Highlights of Four Months...

JANUARY–APRIL, 1953

•The coming months will add more important names to the long list of authors published by Bantam—an impressive list that already includes, among others:

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NOTES *from* CALIFORNIA

A quotation from Sir Stanley Unwin's *The Truth About Publishing* states that, "the most difficult task of all that mortal man can embark upon is to sell a book." On the other hand giving them away is relatively easy. On April 4 we offered free copies of **Publisher to Author.** We found the demand a little short of startling. Perhaps this indicates only a great demand for free books. One request read, "Please send me the book whose price is right. I enclose right amount."

Came, in the morning mail, a letter from Joseph P. Blickensderfer of the United States Quarterly Book Review who wants to know whether **The Sermons of John Donne** can be considered "generally available" for purchase. Since this is being written by the sales manager, we shall state positively and with no restraint whatsoever that subscriptions to the **Sermons** are generally available: ten volumes at $7.50 a volume, payable as the volumes are issued at the rate of two or three a year. Any more questions?

Modest authors do exist. In a note from W. Turrentine Jackson, who wrote **Wagon Roads West,** he said, "I am pleased that you are satisfied with the sales record for the book. My only interest in the matter is that it not prove an outstanding liability from the business viewpoint." Spoken like a gentleman, and if you've read his book you already know that he's a scholar. Incidentally, his book was one of the three California titles chosen by the American Institute of Graphic Arts for the Fifty Books of the Year. The other two were **Art, Form, and Civilization,** by Ernest Mundt, and **Observations in Lower California,** by Johann Jakob Baegert, S.J. In the first sentence of Father Baegert's Introduction he says, "Everything concerning California is of such little importance that it is hardly worth the trouble to take a pen and write about it." He follows this pithy comment with nearly 200 printed pages on the subject.

In **Art, Form, and Civilization,** the author considers art the main factor in experience. He defines art as "meaning expressed in a form commensurate with the whole man."

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS

til The Klobber Method came into our home.

The Klobber Method was discovered, or rather invented, by Ernest J. Klobber, a Viennese psychiatrist who, at the time of the discovery of the method which was to bear his name, was a staunch believer in the modern and accepted formula for rearing children. Give them a reason for everything—watch out for traumas—plenty of love and security—and never a harsh word. So great an exponent of this formula was Professor Klobber that, at the time of his discovery, the Professor, who has six children of his own, was about to be carted off to a sanitarium in a state of complete nervous collapse; a condition any modern parent will understand at once. As the stretcher was being carried out of the house one of the children aimed a kick at it which, with unerring childlike aim, landed exactly where it was meant to land. The Professor, though thoroughly used to being kicked by his children, was under mild sedation at the time, and it may have been this that caused a curious reflex action on the Professor's part. Bringing his arm up from the stretcher, he brought his hand down with a good sharp crack on the child's head. There was an anguished howl from the child—first time in its life no reason had been given for an action—but the effect on the Professor was startling. He leaped up from the stretcher and gave each of the other five kiddies in turn a good smart crack over the head—a Klobber, as he afterward termed it—and never went near the sanitarium. Instead, in suddenly excellent spirits and health, he began to develop The Klobber Method. No reason was given for anything. "No" meant "no" and "yes" meant "yes," and trauma or no trauma, at the first hint of an argument the children got a Klobber, and life, for the Professor and his good wife, was livable for the first time since the patter of little feet had thundered through the house.

Like all great discoveries, however, The Klobber Method met with furious opposition on the part of educators and progressive parent organizations, and it was not until a refinement of the Method was suggested by an assistant of the Professor's that it began to meet with popular, if secretive, approval. The Professor's assistant, one Heinrich Klonk, suggested that—since a good Klobber usually left a tell-tale lump—a short side-swipe, or a Klonk, in other words, would do the trick just as well, and to hell with P-TA's and such. Heinrich Klonk is one of the unsung heroes of our time for, though he gets small credit for The Klobber Method, his little refinement worked like a charm, and the word "Klonk" echoes through thousands of peaceful homes like a balm.

The charm of the method, my dear Bennett, is its utter simplicity. place of long hours of dreary e planation that Daddy cannot wo if Junior bangs on the radiator a if Daddy cannot work and mai money, how will we go to the ci cus; in place of that tortured qui between husband and wife in t long night hours as to which o warped the childish id by refusi to allow the hot-foot to be appli to Uncle Robert; in place of a that—just "Klonk"! and sereni reigns. It is the greatest inventi since the wheel, my dear fellow, a as your wife seems to object to try it on her first instead of t children and let me know the r sults. I'll still be out here—thr thousand miles away—but I'd li to know what happens.

Ever yours,
Moss Hart.

REFERENCE TO THE LATE Bernard Shaw "Misalliance" brings to mind the fa that book collectors are beginning balk at the Shavian trivia being pack aged for them by all and sundry alor England's Publishers' Row. "Withi the next few months," notes G. E., a exasperated London corresponden "we may expect books on Shaw's fu bills, with an appendix of his corre spondence with the Gas, Light, an Coke Co.; on Shaw as a driver, wi a preface on road safety; and Shaw's Corner, with a complete lis ing and description of his household effects, neckties, charge accounts, o magazines, and kinds of fertilizer use in his garden." "For the ridiculous low price of two guineas," G. E. co tinues, "one London bookseller is no offering early American arrivals f the Coronation a photographic repr duction of Shaw's reply to a lett from a reporter asking for a speci interview to mark his ninetieth birth day. The reply is in GBS's own hand writing, scribbled across the botto of the reporter's letter, and consis of exactly four words: "Confound i keep off!"

IT WAS A DESIRE ACTUALLY TO see couple of shows in their Broadwa setting that lured an old native Skowhegan, Maine, to the big ci for the first time at the age of eighty one. A carpenter all his life, he ha performed many a chore for the sum mer playhouse at Skowhegan, and a lowed as how some o' them show fol weren't such a bad lot after all.

While he was in New York, he fig ured, he might as well get a look the Empire State Building, too. At th corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty fourth Street he walked purposefull to the edge of the curb, raised h thumb at arm's length, shoulder leve and squinted intently up at the tow ering sky-scraper. His comment wa "Got it pretty plumb, didn't they?"

—Bennett Cerf.

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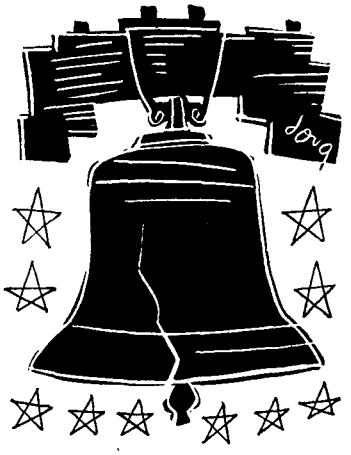

THE LIBERAL ARTS AT MID-CENTURY

A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD

The president of Yale University weighs the dangers that lie in wait if we continue to minimize the liberal arts in education. His article is drawn from an address given at the University of Georgia earlier this year.

THE liberal arts are in trouble. To save and restore them to influence in our civilization will take a mighty effort not only in the countries of their origin but especially in the United States. In this the free world looks to us for leadership, and our leadership promises much to the free world.

I remember a cartoon I once saw depicting an American archeologist leaning on his shovel at the bottom of an excavation in Central or South America with a bemused Indian, in poncho and sombrero, comfortably perched on the rim looking down at him. The American has asked the Indian what he is thinking about, and the Indian replies, "Me think someday maybe we dig you up." The moral of this cartoon haunts me. Suppose that Indian, as leader of the Inca Geographical Society's Archeological Expedition to the United States, were digging away in the soil above our heads right now —not over Athens or New Haven, please God, but over some kitchen midden of contemporary American culture. What would he find among the oxidized juke boxes and television sets and the petrified bubble gum?

"Is Americanism a future worth striving for?" asks a former German fighter pilot shot down over Stalingrad, taken prisoner by the Russians, converted to Communism, disillusioned, wishing to cast his lot with the West, yet hesitating for want of something to believe in. "Haven't pursuit of the dollar, the conveyor belt, skyscrapers, crime thrillers, the jazz mania done more to demoralize the world and turn man into a mass creature than could a collectivist party dictatorship inspired by a Socialist ideal? Where is the towering cultural achievement of America?"

The question shocks us. We are relieved to learn that the young German finally answered it by escaping to the American zone, renouncing Communism, filling the void left by both Fascism and Communism with hope "that mankind would one day rediscover its conscience and its soul and faith in those values which lie beyond the reach of a secret police"; and we file his book* away as one more proof of the rightness of our cause. Yet millions of men and women who suffer in bondage on one side of the Iron Curtain and in fear of bondage on the other are asking themselves the same question as I speak these words. They look to us as the Children of Israel once looked to Moses. But when the children of Israel looked to Moses they could see the Ten Commandments.

WE are the world's greatest salesmen, yet we cannot talk about our greatest product, our democracy. Why should this be so? Is it not because we do not know ourselves? We know a great deal about ourselves, more facts and figures than any people ever knew in history. Everybody tells us about ourselves—commentators, publicists, novelists, statisticians, economists, sociologists, analysts, psychoanalysts, everybody. We are the best informed generation that ever lived with the most primitive ideas of what to do with our information. We know how to blow up the world, but we don't know how to govern it. What is the cause of all this truncated knowledge, this astigmatic vision, this inarticulateness? "There are two sentences inscribed upon the Delphic oracle," says Plutarch, "hugely accommodated to the uses of man's life: 'Know thyself' and 'Nothing too much'; and upon these all other precepts depend." We have neglected the first precept in our national passion and aptitude for the second. It has carried us far. It will carry us no farther without the first.

How may we know ourselves so that we may know our weakness as well as our strength; so that we may understand the relationship between

* *Heinrich von Einsiedel, "I Joined the Russians." (Yale University Press, 1953.)*

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our cultural responsibilities and the political and military objectives to which we are committed; so that we may proclaim the virtues of American life in the universal language of humanity? The question leads straight to the liberal arts. These studies made their appearance in formal education in Greece more than two thousand years ago. Plato and Aristotle both recognized their vital role in the education of the ideal citizen. There is much misunderstanding as to the meaning of the term "liberal arts." It means, and has meant from the beginning, the arts or studies becoming to a free man. Their purpose in our educational system was well stated by John Stuart Mill when he said it was to make "capable and cultivated human beings. . . . Men are men before they are lawyers or physicians or manufacturers; and if you make them capable and sensible men, they will make themselves capable and sensible lawyers or physicians."

MILL spoke these words in his inaugural address as rector of St. Andrews University, Scotland. In his "Autobiography" he sums up the purpose of the address in a passage that I think holds much wisdom for us here today. He was not praising the liberal arts in order to attack the sciences. His position, he says, was "to vindicate the high educational value alike of the old classics and the new scientific studies" and to insist "that it is only the stupid inefficiency of the usual teaching which makes those studies be regarded as competitors instead of allies."

This is not only a good statement of the purpose of the liberal arts but a sound conception of their place in education. Mill says they are vital, not exclusive. So I would say today. The *trivium* (grammar, rhetoric, and logic) and *quadrivium* (arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music) of the medieval curriculum have broadened to include such studies as language, literature, philosophy, the fine arts, and history. These subjects can and should be taught in a context that includes the sciences and social studies.

I do not suggest shrinking them down to their hard medieval core and offering that as the whole apple. My point is that in our national educational system they have already shrunk to a brown and seedy core which the janitor has picked up and is about to drop in the wastebasket, and that unless we rescue this and plant it and cultivate it, its fruit will be lost to a society that desperately needs it.

Do I exaggerate the plight of the liberal arts? Let me take liberty with my title and imagine mid-century to mean the middle of the twelfth century A.D. Suppose we were living then, in foreknowledge of the founding of the first universities that was shortly to follow, and I were addressing you on the same subject as I am today. I should report approximately as follows:

1.) The liberal arts are about to play a decisive role in Western civilization.
2.) Universities will soon be founded at Bologna, Paris, Oxford, and Cambridge.
3.) These universities will rescue the learning of the past from oblivion and put it in circulation in Western Europe.
4.) They will rouse Western civilization from the coma of the Dark Ages.
5.) They will shape the whole course of medieval thought.
6.) They will lay the foundations of modern learning.
7.) They will accomplish these things by energetically applying to individual minds the discipline of the liberal arts.
8.) Therefore, as I have said, the liberal arts are about to play a decisive role in Western civilization.

I COULD give you no such favorable report today. Everywhere in Britain and Europe, as well as in the United States, the liberal arts are in retreat before the sciences and vocational studies of all sorts. A brief educational pilgrimage to Britain, Western Germany, and France last summer soon convinced me that we could no longer count on those countries to keep alive the pure flame of liberal learning they lighted eight centuries ago. While the prestige and influence of Oxford and Cambridge and the Scottish universities are still great, new education acts passed in 1944 and 1945 have committed the United Kingdom to public educational responsibilities that our ancestors assumed in principle in the Massachusetts Bay Colony as early as 1641. For the first time British education is face to face with the problem of numbers. Up to now, less than 9 per cent of the seventeen-year age group have been finishing high school in England and Scotland as compared with over 60 per cent in the United States, and barely a third as many of these have been finishing college. The new British and Scottish education acts may not equalize the proportions, but they will certainly increase the pressure of numbers.

Along with this great increase in numbers, which their universities are only just beginning to feel, the British are suffering from austerity to a degree (and with a fortitude) that is hard for us well-fed Americans to imagine. In other words, while the education acts have created a new economic need of the first magnitude, the country is hard put to find the

(*Continued on page* 44)

Soldier Caps

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

OLD wars dwindle to toy drums,
King Arthur fades to a nursery rhyme,
Now little boys run all the streets
In caps out of a blood-red time.

In visored caps of blue or gray
Boys play games and shout for fun;
Their grandfathers lay in these same caps
Under the buzzards of Bull Run.

Men still mostly boys wore such
Through hell some ninety years ago,
And Lincoln's eyes grew damp to see
Graves of Gettysburg row on row.

Good men lying three men deep
Under the peach trees, in the wheat,
When our country broke in two
And death knocked doors on every street.

If Providence would be so kind,
It might change all guns to toys
And soldier caps over all the earth
To caps for boisterous little boys.

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The Common Man as Reader

Eduard C. Lindeman

A tribute to Professor Lindeman, who died in April shortly after completing this article, appears on page 25. His analysis of the paperback reprint in contemporary American culture forms Part Three of a series dealing with the level of taste in a society increasingly dominated by mass-communication techniques. Earlier articles in this series were written by Joseph Wood Krutch and D. W. Brogan.

FISHER AMES liked to compare democracy with a raft. The raft, he said, does not sink, but those who ride it are continually in danger of getting their feet wet. Among the many meanings which might be attached to this simile is the notion that every move in a democratic direction involves a risk. Our founding fathers, for example, thought it might be dangerous to permit any but property-owners to vote. This risk was finally taken, and we have now achieved universal suffrage. In the early days of the Republic it was thought by many that education should remain a privilege of the elite. Nevertheless, this risk was also taken, and we now enjoy free public education for everyone.

Very few Americans, I assume, would now advocate a return to limited suffrage and restricted education. Is this democratic urge destined to extend its inclusiveness indefinitely? Are there no limits? Is there to be no aristocracy in any sphere? In the realm of culture, for example? Are we to assume that books and art and music are all to be democratized, made available to the masses? If so, what risk is involved?

Affirmative answers to these questions are now emerging. Certainly, in the realm of books we now have some reliable evidence of the consequences of democratization. Through the instrumentality of science, technology, and business enterprise, that irresistible trinity of resources which accounts for the dynamic quality of our civilization, books have become available to the mass market. Publication of low-priced, paper-covered books, mostly reprints which first appeared in expensive hard covers, has produced results which may be described only by the use of superlatives.

In 1951 American readers bought 231 million volumes in paper-bound covers. The boom in pocket-sized books began in 1939 and during that year the total sales amounted to only three million. Readers pay twenty-five, thirty-five, or fifty cents for each book, and in 1951 they expended $63,000,000 for this purpose. When the figures for 1952 become available it will be seen that these startling totals will all have been exceeded.

Two hundred millions of anything represents an ample sampling, and it should now be feasible to draw some qualitative conclusions. Educators will most certainly be eager to learn what Americans will read when books become readily available. Indeed, this question has already become sufficiently important to become the object of inquiry of a special committee of Congress! The danger involved in the democratization of book distribution on a mass scale is that cheapness of price may become an index of cheapness of taste. There is no worry about the discriminating reader who takes pains to select his books from the stacks of his free public library, nor of the reader who can afford to buy the books he wants at his local book shop. The question of taste arises when prospective readers, in numbers hitherto unsuspected, buy their books at the corner drug store, the tobacco shop, or a department store—a transaction which is inexpensive and convenient. There are some who seem to believe that inexpensive books will bring about a universal vulgarization of taste. A few even go so far as to believe "there ought to be a law," that some omnipotent government agency should censor the publishing business and thus determine in advance the character of books which Americans may be permitted to buy and read. These extremists, apparently unaware of the fact that experience demonstrates that censorship invariably exacerbates the evil it is intended to abate, believe that the judgment of the people is not to be trusted. They wish to get off the "raft" and find a completely reliable craft whose officers will guarantee that no one will henceforth get "his feet wet." These are the frightened ones who have lost faith in democracy because they have never really believed it to be an experiment in learning through experience, basically an educational enterprise in which freedom of choice is the principal ingredient, in which it is assumed that the arts of self-government can be learned only through the exercise of governing one's self.

ALL of this was said with eloquence in an almost forgotten book of wisdom written long ago by the late David Starr Jordan in "The Voice of the Scholar." "It is," he wrote, "unfortunately, one of the conditions of democracy that wisdom and its counterfeit go along together side by side.

"There can be no tag or label to mark one from the other, nor would the people heed them if there were. But all this is well. It is better for men to choose the voice of wisdom for themselves rather than to have it infallibly pointed out by government. For the seat of wisdom is in the individual soul and it grows through individual effort." Yes, but what of the risks? Are there not critical moments in history when the voice of the people goes wrong, when the authoritative strong leader is necessary? Or, returning to our immediate preoccupation, namely cheap books, is it not likely to be true that cheapness of

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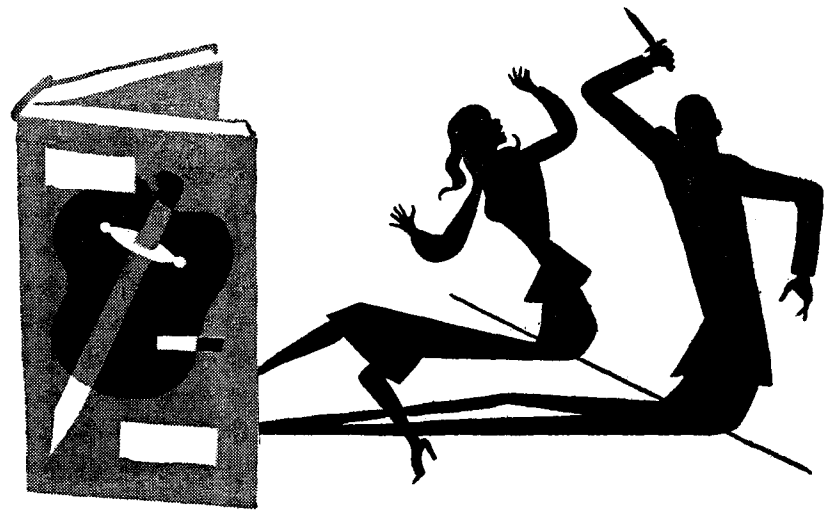
price will automatically induce cheapness of taste?

What is revealed by the evidence? Analysis of the sales of inexpensive, paper-bound books during the last decade and a half reveals first of all the realistic fact that American readers may be arranged on a graded scale in which the lowest level represents those who display a vulgar taste and the highest an extraordinary quality of discernment. In other words, we are a variable people with tastes which range from execrable to excellent. The evidence also appears to demonstrate that our tastes as made manifest in our free choice of reading matter are natural reflections of our culture and our experience as a people. Americans, for example, buy so-called "Westerns" in large numbers. One reprint publishing company furnishes at least one per month. The internal pattern or plot of these Western stories in which cowboys, officers of the law, villains, and beautiful but brave young women play their respective roles is so familiar that readers know in advance what the outcome will be. Why, then, do they continue—with a few praiseworthy exceptions on a higher and more sophisticated level—to repeat this experience? (Incidentally, this same question applies to Western movies, which continue to be the safest investment in that precarious industry which also caters to a wide range of tastes.) The answer is incredibly simple. We read Westerns because the frontier is a cherished element in our experience as a people. Every American is a potential pioneer. In every American there lies dormant the feeling that he too might play the part of hero. Every American is a latent out-of-door person. Commercial rodeos attract their largest audiences in the arenas of metropolitan centers. In short, the West is "in our blood," and writers who know how to evoke these latencies are responding to a taste which is typically American.



Is it also a symbol of escape from reality? Is there a mass audience for Westerns because the romantic West no longer exists? Are we, in other words, perpetuating a fantasy? Is this type of reading an indication that our lives have now become drab and unexciting and that hence we must find some compensation in an imaginary West where "men are men," where some are plainly good and others blatantly bad, and where virtue always triumphs in the end? Perhaps so, but who assumes that life anywhere is so perfect as not to require compensations? Is it not in one sense the principal function of fiction of any type to furnish compensation? The "classic" Westerns are nothing more than oversimplified novels. They permit the reader to identify himself with uncomplicated virtue.

But the would-be censors are not too much troubled over the fact that hundreds of thousands of American readers buy reprint Westerns. Their chief complaint is focused upon sex and crime (violence) and the interplay between these two aspects of contemporary life. Sex is a haunting specter in the American experience. And violence is so much of an "attraction" that it dominates the pages of our newspapers. Inexpensive books dealing with these two phases of our lives enjoy a mass consumption, and this should have been anticipated. Indeed, magazine publishers and advertisers of all varieties had already demonstrated the efficacy of "selling" through the exploitation of sex. There is even a newspaper columnist whose vogue rests upon the discovery that females with partially exposed or exaggerated mamillary glands are objects of intense interest on the part of American readers. Why this is so must be left to psychiatrists. What would happen if it was thought to be too great a risk to permit American readers to satisfy this taste and attempts were made to repress it? If past experiences with suppression are to be trusted, we know what would happen: the "appetite" would increase and its pathological manifestations would become more prominent. If, in other words, it is assumed that the mass sales of books dealing with sex and crime symbolize something vulgar in the American character, what would be the educator's strategy if he believed it desirable and feasible to alter or modify this taste? I shall postpone my answer to this question until two other manifestations of American literary taste are dealt with.

Publication of inexpensive paper-bound books has revealed a considerable market for so-called science-fiction. The juxtaposition of these two words, or rather their conjunction, seems at first glance to constitute a paradox. Science is concerned with facts whereas fiction typifies life's romantic element. Fiction, even when it is naturalistic in temper and method, does not obey the strict rules of scientific evidence. Why do Americans have a taste for conjoining the facts of science with the most fantastic imaginings of romanticists? Here again the answer when sought in cultural contexts is relatively simple. We have never accepted the scientific view of our universe. We seek from science more gadgets, not a *Weltanschauung*. Rocket ships, atomic bombs, and automobiles are the romantic end-products of the scientific mind. So long as we can foresee more of such "miracles" emanating from scientific research, just so long are we protected from the disturbing necessity of deserting some of our cherished myths. Who is to say when these myths, these unscientific views of life are no longer capable of serving a useful compensatory purpose? In one sense the taste for science-fiction may be regarded as lack of maturity. On the other hand, it may be explained as a new form of transcendentalism, a way of viewing the universe which utilizes facts in order to transcend the merely factual. In any case, there it is. Americans like science-fiction, and when they are free to choose they will buy such books in large quantities.

Chronic deplorers, critics of American literary tastes, seem to believe that mass sales of mystery stories is a sign of low taste. Mystery or detective stories no longer represent a clear-cut classification. The sex motif has become so prominent in some such books that it tends in many cases to overshadow the criminal plot. But the mystery story is still esentially a form of literature in which the prin-

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BELLES-LETTRES

Seer of the Gem-like Flame

Robert E. Spiller,

an editor of the "Literary History of the United States" and professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania, reviews "HENRY JAMES: THE UNTRIED YEARS," *the first panel of* LEON EDEL'S *proposed three-volume study of the Anglo-American novelist.*

WHEN Henry James himself considered the problem of literary biography, he gave his fictional scholar the depressing name of George Withermore: and on another occasion when he sent a biographer on a search for a poet's private papers, he charged him with "that most fatal of human follies, our not having known when to stop." Obviously the man who became one of the greatest of all fictional analysts of the human mind did not wish to have his own life explored. Earlier biographers respected his wishes, with the result that there is as yet no full-length portrait in prose.

James's reticence began to be broken down when, in 1920, Percy Lubbock brought out the two-volumed "Letters," and biographical studies then began to appear: but the fullest of them—those by Pelham Edgar and more recently by F. W. Dupee—are still no more than critical studies in biographical form. It was inevitable that sooner or later the vogue of the critic if not that of the novelist would demand a full-length life; and it was also inevitable that Leon Edel, who probably knows more about James than anyone else, would undertake to write it. "Henry James: The Untried Years" is the first volume of a probable three-volume biography. It gives an analytical account of his life to 1870, when James had left his youth behind and was fairly launched on his career.

The current scholarly and popular interest in James is far more than a passing literary fashion for, as many younger critics have pointed out, it was James who first in our time organized the esthetic sensibility as a defense against the moral dilemmas of modern man. The vigorous worldliness (Europeans like to call it "materialism" but it is always too starry-eyed for that) of so many major American writers—the tempestuous Melville, the brawny Whitman, the daemonic Wolfe—is an inevitable by-product of American conditions, but the reaction to this mood is also American even though it has been manifest only now and then in our literary history. We have always had writers who have seemed more unworldly—more devoted to the ways of art for themselves—than any European. Poe was one such. James another—and, after all, it was America that produced Eliot, Pound, and the whole school of esthetic poets and critics now so influential as a reactionary force in the literary world at large. We must understand these writers, too, as logical products of American conditions (albeit by contraries) if we are to understand ourselves.

SOONER or later, therefore, the techniques of analysis of the inner life that James himself learned from psychology and esthetics would have to be applied to his own writing and finally to the man himself. The trend started with the collection of his Prefaces as a single book, "The Art of the Novel," in 1934. When it was discovered that these Prefaces were largely revisions of earlier jottings, the "Notebooks" were published, and James students were sent back to those confusing autobiographical volumes of childhood and youth which had been largely disregarded. Now we could see that the problems of his fiction were but one remove from the problems of his personality and that these latter could be better understood when the father, the brother, and the close-knit family was more fully revealed. F. O. Matthiessen's collection of documents in 1947 made

THE AUTHOR: Leon Edel, a calm, thoughtful man of forty-five, who has got around plenty both in journalism and in belles-lettres, has spent much of his own life on the life of Henry James. Edel knows James, as the phrase goes, inside out, and if you were to ask him even the unlikeliest of questions such as, say, "What would James have thought of the U.N.?," Edel would have no trouble replying. He had no trouble replying the other day at Princeton. "In his time," Edel said, his James tumblers falling into place, "he would have been rather baffled by it. . . . But he probably would take the U.N. *on faith, and season it with* skepticism." The U.N. is another inside-out subject of Edel's; he until recently spent a few years on the heels of Austin, Gromyko & Co., covering the U.N. for *PM* and other New York newspapers. Nights he'd spend at his place on Long Island, reconnoitering the lean, hard prose of James. "It was a schizoid existence," said Edel. It was while at McGill University in Montreal that Edel, a Pittsburgher by birth, took up with James, an involvement that has grown and grown and grown. After McGill, with a fellowship under his arm, Edel went to Paris, doubling as a *Montreal Daily Star* correspondent and a Sorbonne student. Four years later—1932—Edel received his *Docteur-ès-lettres* for a thesis on James. "This," Edel recalled, "led to my meeting William James's oldest son, the late Henry James of New York, who was his father's and his uncle's literary executor. He liked my thesis and gave me access to the novelist's papers." Edel also looked up several of James's contemporaries, like Edith Wharton and Bernard Shaw. The upshot of his exhuming of Jamesiana has resulted in a number of books. Reviewing the past quarter-century, Edel said, "It was a labor of love. Publishers at first weren't interested in James and criticism tended to dismiss him as a super-subtle figure who became lost in the European labyrinth. A curious legend piled up and smothered him. My work has been to cut away this legend." —BERNARD KALB.

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the final preparation for the kind of study that Mr. Edel has undertaken.

This is substantially an inner rather than an outer biography even though it draws on both kinds of evidence. The significant facts of the novelist's life are quickly told: He was born in New York City in 1843; he spent his youth with his family in New York, Newport, London, and Paris; he never married, but instead continued his international wanderings on the social level that he knew best and that he could find in any of the world's capitals until his death in 1916, just after he had become a British citizen; he always thought of himself as a professional novelist, and he would like also to have been a dramatist.

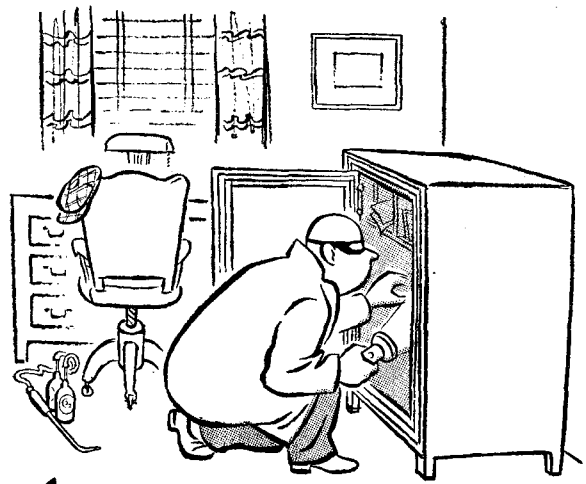
Behind these facts—in the mind and the sensibilities—James lived a complex and adventurous life which he used freely and fully as materials for his novels and tales. The least reticent of novelists in his day, he was the most reticent of men. His life in art came close to being a real substitute for "the real thing," and he asks his readers to accept that life and forget the other. This Mr. Edel refuses to do, turning the skill in analysis of the human mind and soul which he has learned from the "master" upon the master himself.

TWENTY years of research have gone into this book, yet one might almost conclude that it had been written from James's own memoirs and a couple of revealing novels, so close does Mr. Edel stick to James's own self-portrait. A fact here, another there, is inconspicuously inserted, and the mystery with which James beclouded his reader is dissipated. If the biographer is not correct on every point that he develops with shrewd care and apparent ease, he is at least thoroughly convincing. Most of the myths that have grown up about James are dismissed; those that remain begin to look more like facts than myths.

For example, there is the myth of his "obscure" injury. It would now appear that this was no more than a back-ache, a strained muscle probably, almost a normal condition for one of sedentary habits. That it was acquired at a fire and that the youth immediately endowed it with lifetime duration would seem to be psychologically rather than physiologically important details. Mr. Edel does not use the word "psychosomatic," but he does say that there was no accidental castration as critics have been hinting more and more openly as times have relaxed critical reticence. His was a spontaneous adoption of his father's lameness, also the result of a fire. (And William developed a back-ache when Henry seemed momentarily to be outdistancing him in life's race.) This is no Freudian whimsy of a white horse, a snake, or a fall into a pit; it is a medically recognized trauma, a fact fully documented by internal and external evidence. It establishes the climate in which the boy grew up, it illuminates his "Jacob and Esau" relationship with William, and it provides many of the central issues with which the novelist confronts his characters.

Similarly, his relationship with his cousin Minny Temple can now be studied equally well from fiction to fact or from fact to fiction—from the problem of why Minny Theale of "The Wings of the Dove" resented death so fiercely, and back through Isabel Archer's thoroughly feminine adventures in sensibility, to life's own heroine; or from the summer of 1865 at North Conway, when the friendship of a "young and shining apparition" taught the youth that "sense for verity of character and play of life in others" which created out of Minny Temple the many heroines of his tales while the girl herself became "a disengaged and dancing flame of thought."

One final comment on this kind of psychological biography. There are such books—mainly written in the Twenties but unfortunately still appearing in reputable quarters—in which the whole of a human personality is resolved into one traumatic (and sometimes hypothetical) experience. Mr. Edel falls into no such kind of fallacy. His understanding of normal psychology as it bears on the creative process is full and dispassionate. The result in his own book is that the process of making a fictional world—the task to which Henry James devoted most of his life—seems the essence of health on the highest level of human achievement. [J. B. Lippincott Co. 350 pp. $5.]



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Art of Audible Scholarship

Milton Crane,
on leave of absence from the English department of the University of Chicago, writes about a literary form new to America—the radio talk—brilliantly exhibited in GILBERT HIGHET'S "PEOPLE, PLACES AND BOOKS."

THE radio talk is a literary form with which, unfortunately, we Americans are too little familiar. We have all manner of programs that approximate the talk, in conception or effect or both: we have the commentary, which takes its shape from the day's news, giving us a chronicle with pauses for explanation, interpretation, or speculation; we have the interview, in which the putative expert is slowly milked of his knowledge; and we have the group discussion, in which the moderator periodically checks possible excesses of specialization. As one moves toward the outer edges from the round table to the debate, one's interest shifts from subject matter to mere contentiousness. Nobody really cares whether or not "Micronesian Ragweavers" is a good book so long as the embattled defenders and attackers put on a good show; and the free and forthright examination of public issues on the radio too frequently becomes a slug-fest.

All these variations on the radio talk—the communication of information and ideas in a pleasing and interesting form—bespeak a great fear. We must not permit Mr. Jones, who knows a great deal about Flaubert or India or the phases of the moon, merely to tell in a half-hour what he thinks laymen might like to know about his subject, in the language he considers most appropriate to his purpose; for Mr. Jones might bore the audience, which will presumably tune him out at any moment in favor of Bob Hope or a quiz show. Gilbert Seldes's "The Great Audience" argued some years ago that radio in this country has been largely ignoring a vast segment of its audience by severely limiting the number and scope of its cultural programs. And the idea has been repeated many times since, not least in the pages of this magazine. Now it is incontestable that the simplest, least expensive, and most rewarding kind of non-musical cultural program is one in which a person who knows a subject discusses it in his own fashion.

Gilbert Highet's excellent new book, "People, Places, and Books," is a collection of precisely such programs. At the invitation of the Oxford University Press, Mr. Highet, Anthon Professor of Latin at Columbia University, author of "The Classical Tradition" and "The Art of Teaching" and book reviewer of *Harper's Magazine*, last year began a series of weekly fifteen-minute broadcasts on literature. (These talks have been transcribed and are now heard regularly on FM stations in Washington, Chicago, and elsewhere.) They are easily the most intelligent, humane, and delightful programs of their kind that the American radio has to offer.

These broadcasts are not, in the ordinary sense, book reviews: they are familiar essays, which often begin as considerations of individual writers or books, but which touch on half a dozen other works in passing. Thus, "The Historian's Job" classifies written history under three headings (memories, reconstructions, and imaginative descriptions), offering in evidence Arthur Bryant's "The Years of Endurance," "Years of Victory," and "The Age of Elegance"; William Cobbett's "Life"; Benjamin Franklin's "Autobiography"; John C. Miller's "Triumph of Freedom"; "The Oxford History of England"; "The Letters of Private Wheeler"; and "The Memoirs of a Monticello Slave"; a list of titles with full bibliographic references is appended to each essay, in the reasonable supposition that listeners who have enjoyed hearing Mr. Highet's opinions will probably want to read books that have given him pleasure.

—*Elliott Erwitt.*

Gilbert Highet—"brilliant ironist."

The range of these essays is very great: the first ten, for example, deal with H. N. Fowler, Sir William Osler, Robinson Jeffers, Edmund Wilson, D. H. Lawrence, John Masefield, Donald Tovey, Christopher Fry, Dickens, and T. S. Eliot. The discussions of Fowler and Wilson are as good as any in print; the criticism of Shakespeare's sonnets is as fresh and lively as though no one had ever before written about them (although Mr. Highet has somewhat too trustingly accepted Leslie Hotson's thesis).

MR. Highet's radio audience knows how well his prose is adapted to the listening ear. But it is most agreeable to see that these essays have a life of their own on the page, however much their style differs from that of his earlier books. As a good teacher must, Mr. Highet has kept his rhetorical periods short, judiciously giving the reader (and listener) time to absorb an idea before pursuing the thread of his discourse. I am sorry, all the same, for anyone who reads this book without recalling the cadences of its author's voice.

Most of these essays, as might be expected, are written in praise of their subjects; the praise, to be sure, is sometimes severely qualified. For Mr. Highet, as readers of his admirable parodies know, is a brilliant ironist. In "Unpacking the Great Books," an extremely searching and comprehensive criticism of "Great Books of the Western World," edited by Robert Maynard Hutchins in association with Mortimer Adler, he employs an ingenious and malicious device. As he unpacks the fifty-four Great Books at random and places them on his shelves, he comments on them: why Faraday? Goethe, good . . . Shakespeare, very good, but why double columns? why Gibbon? why not Molière? His fear that the chilliness of Mr. Hutchins's introduction may alienate potential readers of the Great Books grows out of a conviction that effective teaching requires humility and patience. His own example, as teacher, writer, and broadcaster, can only win friends for the humanities of which he is so distinguished a professor. [Oxford University Press. 277 pp. $3.50.]

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—Culver.

Dr. Johnson entertaining the company at Mrs. Thrale's.

Private Life of a Curmudgeon

Bertrand H. Bronson,
professor of English at the University of California, and author of "Johnson Agonistes and Other Essays," discusses R. W. CHAPMAN'S *edition of the* "LETTERS OF SAMUEL JOHNSON."

PROBABLY the Samuel Johnson most of us know is the public figure, the dinner-guest, the club-man who talked for victory, "tossing and goring" unwary opponents with invincible dialectic. This is the man Macaulay (ignoring much else) found in Boswell's "Life" and transmitted to later generations. Although it was an essential part of Boswell's plan to exhibit Johnson in his letters as well as in his "life," most readers, perhaps, skip the scores of letters interspersed throughout the biography, in order to get on with the conversations. To read the letters by themselves is therefore to see Johnson in a new and revealing light.

He was not one of those who loved to "prattle away on paper," or who, like Walpole and Cowper, cultivated letter writing as an art. Johnson seldom wrote a letter except for a practical purpose. That in spite of their limited aim enough of his letters have survived to fill the three big volumes R. W. Chapman has edited is impressive evidence of his impact on his contemporaries and friends, and a sufficient answer to those who think that Johnson was Boswell's "creation."

What we find here is the *private* Johnson, and, among many beckoning possibilities, an opportunity to lop several hydra heads of error about the man. Johnson once remarked to Boswell, somewhat to the latter's amused surprise, "I look upon myself as a very polite man." Any one who doubts his right to make such a claim may set his mind at rest by a casual perusal of these volumes. Johnson was a master of compliment at all levels of familiarity, from the very formal and courtly, the scholarly and professional, to the spontaneous warmth of friendly tribute to man or woman, and to the honorable flattery of making children the recipients of his very painstaking attention.

What could be more perfectly fitting, as well as deeply felt, than the note of condolence Johnson wrote to Mrs. Garrick upon the death of her famous husband? "Dr. Johnson sends most respectful condolence to Mrs. Garrick, and wishes that any endeavor of his could enable her support a loss which the world cannot repair." Johnson understands also the uses of the compliment oblique. He could never coax enough letters to satisfy him out of the Thrale children and Fanny Burney.

One would never guess from Boswell how extremely important to Johnson was Mrs. Thrale herself. The violence of their final rupture has cast its shadow backwards for posterity and has somewhat obscured the brightness of a relationship that brought Johnson the most abiding happiness of his life. Mrs. Thrale was the only person to whom Johnson ever truly *wanted* to write, and write, and write again, merely to close the intolerable gap of separation. His letters to her, under their decorous surface, run the gamut of emotion and strike every level from solemnity to playfulness, with the multiple overtones of a rich nature in continuously sensitive response. In one brief letter, he will throw himself ardently into the business of Thrale's election to Parliament, touch upon a threat of death in the household, and close with the utterly unexpected remark (about himself): "This little Dog does nothing, but I hope he will mend; he is now reading Jack the Giant Killer. Perhaps so noble a narrative may rouse in him the soul of enterprise."

Shallow, perhaps, Mrs. Thrale may have been, lacking in maternal devotion, less than scrupulously truthful, and over-impetuous of speech. A feature of the present edition is the inclusion of her genuine letters to Johnson, a good many of which are still extant, and which are very far from identical with those she published in 1788, as her side of their correspondence. But, after all due subtractions, we have to estimate the net result of a human relationship; and there can be no question, if we read the letters that passed continuously—often almost daily—between them during their separations, short or long, through almost two decades, and which on Johnson's side make up a fourth of the total bulk of his correspondence, that here was a very remarkable friendship, equally honorable and beneficial to both parties, nearly unclouded by jealousy, pettiness, selfishness, or meanness. The end of it was to Johnson heartbreaking and bitter; but he might with perfect truth have given even greater force to the tribute which he paid her in his farewell letter, when he expressed gratitude for the "kindness which had soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched." For she did more than soothe that life; she comforted, stimulated, even irradiated it. Where she was, his thoughts were anchored: to him she was *home*.

OF Dr. Chapman's devoted part in these volumes it is indecent to speak casually. He had augmented the collected letters by some five hundred, and has included the letters in Boswell's "Life," purposely omitted from

(*Continued on page* 47)

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POLITICS

Man on the Donkey

John D. Hicks,
Morrison professor of history at the University of California, takes a peek into the clouded political crystal ball in assessing a collection of the "MAJOR CAMPAIGN SPEECHES OF ADLAI E. STEVENSON."

THERE is no doubt about it. The "highbrows" and the "egg-heads" like Adlai Stevenson, while the anti-intellectuals, who so strain themselves in the use of metonymy, find him very hard to take. This is not a partisan manifestation; it is bi-partisan. Plenty of good Republicans are quick to sing his praises, and a few contend that in the last election the parties got their candidates mixed. The Republicans should have nominated Stevenson, they say, and the Democrats, Eisenhower. But it is also true that among Democrats and Republicans alike there are many, particularly in the lower political echelons, where demagoguery is regarded as an essential art and high principle an occasion for alarm, who would be delighted to drop Stevenson down the drain. What can you do with a man who sets means above ends, and would rather fight fair and lose than to hit below the belt?

The appearance of fifty of his speeches in book form under the title "Major Campaign Speeches of Adlai E. Stevenson" will change few opinions about the author. As a speaker Stevenson had the knack of holding the attention of his audience and making his meaning crystal clear; but even when subjected to the acid test of print his prose still stands up. It is good-tempered, epigrammatic, precise, honest, witty. He uses words to convey meaning, not to conceal it. Those who liked to listen to what he had to say will also like to read it. With the heat of the campaign gone, however, they may see more plainly than before how hard put to it he was to find any really important issues. On foreign policy he and his opponent were too close together to stage a genuine debate. The Democratic candidate could, and did, call attention to the half of the Republican Party that Eisenhower had defeated in the convention, but while the campaign was on it was still only the defeated half. On domestic policy the best that Stevenson could do was to point out the contradiction between Republican insistence that it was "time for a change" and Republican insistence that such social changes as the New Deal had effected were here to stay. The areas of agreement between the two parties were so much larger than the areas of disagreement that matters of little consequence got far more attention than they deserved.

Stevenson tells the story of his campaign in an admirable introduction. He is sure that he made no mistake in appealing as best he could to the intelligence of the American electorate rather than to its emotions. He writes this despite his knowledge of the fact that the egg-heads who supported him with such enthusiasm simply do not have the votes to win an election. Stevenson knows his history far better than most politicians. It is not enough merely to be intellectually honest; so few people recognize that quality when they see it. It is not enough to be eloquent; William Jennings Bryan excelled in eloquence and lost out three times. It is not enough to be able to fit a suitable wisecrack to every situation; there are plenty of voters who wonder if a man with any real humor in his soul should ever be taken seriously. With all his intellectual honesty, his eloquence, and his humor he simply could not amass the votes he needed to win. But it hurt to lose, and he could not possibly wish to lose again.

ONLY time will tell whether this book is a post-mortem on the last campaign or the opening gun for 1956. But it is not unlikely that Stevenson will be renominated. The Democrats have a way of renominating candidates, win or lose. They nominated Cleveland three times, once after he had lost an election; they went all out for Bryan; they gave two nominations to Wilson, four to Roosevelt, and would certainly have renominated Truman had he been willing to run. The Republicans are more choosy. Not until 1948, when they named Dewey for the second time, did they ever stand by a loser. But the Democrats, once they get a good start nominating a candidate, can hardly stop. There is no one in the field now to compete with Stevenson; if he is not renominated something unforeseen will have to happen. Like Roosevelt, he could be nominated again, and again, and again.

Should he run in 1956 quite possibly he would find his task far easier than in 1952. By then it will be the Republicans, rather than the Democrats, with the record to defend. If the party in power has not made good on its campaign promises Stevenson will be the man to point out its deficiencies with telling effect. If the business leaders the present Administration has called to power fail to recognize that Government must be set above business, and not business above Government, he will not fail to draw the inescapable conclusions. If the new President, a political amateur, is unable to display the type of leadership the people have come expect of their chief executive, that, too, will not be overlooked. It is easy to think of Stevenson as the kind of President politicians would have to respect. If he should be elected it would be because he had won a majority of the people, not just the egg-heads, to him; and popular support is a weapon which he, like both the Roosevelts and Wilson, would know how to use.

BUT he will need more than a spotty Republican record to pull him through. He was not prepared for the campaign of 1952; as he admits, and as his speeches show, he was obliged to improvise a great deal as he went along. Four years hence he should have had time to think his way through to a definite program, such a program, perhaps, as Roosevelt and his advisers had formulated before the campaign of 1952. The Democrats cannot rest forever on past laurels; the New Deal has long since become an old deal. To win in 1956 Stevenson must have something positive and constructive to offer. He was not unmindful of this during the speech-making of his last campaign. He is no doubt thinking about it very hard right now. It will be surprising indeed if eventually his reflections fail to produce significant results. [Random House. 320 pp. $3.50.]

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The Imperial Corporal

Irving Stone,

author of biographical novels of Vincent Van Gogh and Eugene V. Debs, and of biographies of Jack London and Clarence Darrow, states the case for the biographical novel as a literary form in considering FRANCES WINWAR'S *story of Napoleon Bonaparte,* "THE EAGLE AND THE ROCK."

WITH history and biography, the reader stands on the sidelines; what is transpiring on the pages may be exciting and true, but it is something that happened long ago and to other people. In the biographical novel, the reader is no longer the spectator but the participant himself; he starts to live the story as though its first incident had its inception at the instant he opened the cover, the reading and the doing becoming synonymous. Therein lies the genius of a new and authentic art form which, with the exception of Gertrude Atherton's "The Conqueror" was unaccepted and unknown in the United States twenty years ago, yet today can be found in the catalogue of every major publisher in the country.

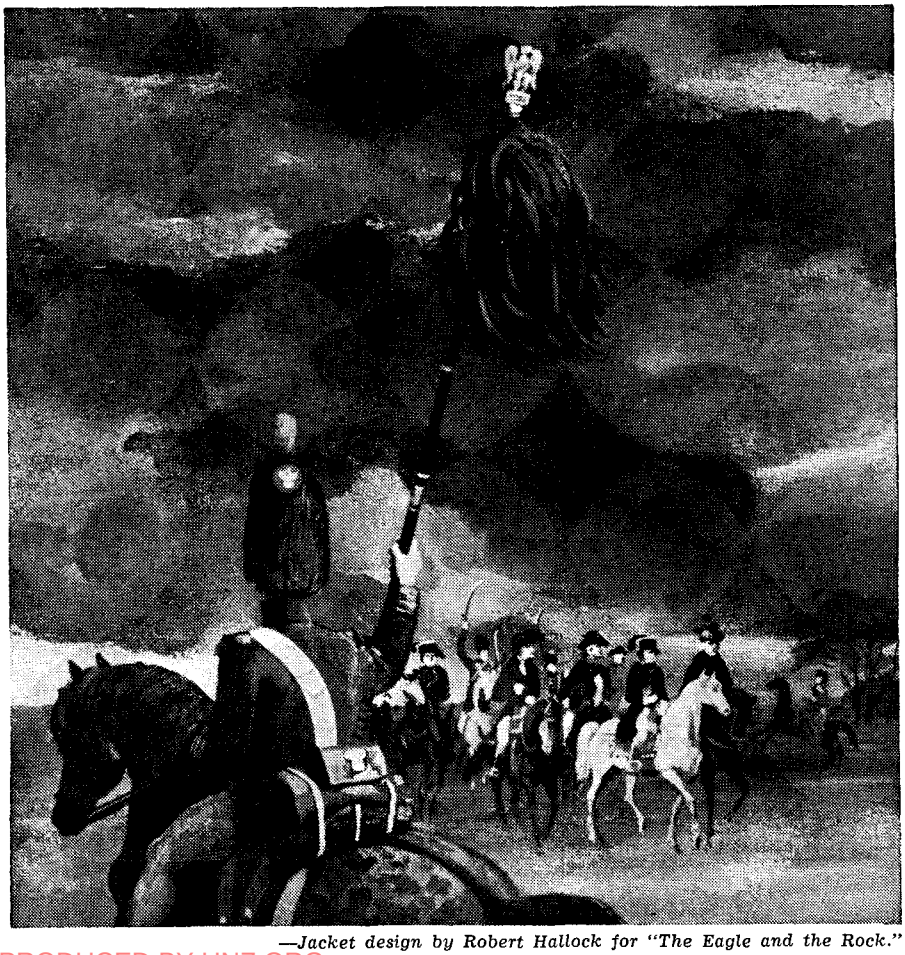
Most of our biographical novelists have had their research training in the demanding craft of biography itself; without rigorous and dedicated research a biographical novel has the lasting power of chaff in a hurricane. Yet it is not enough to search out all the truth, nor to see it plain; this truth is little more than concrete poured into wood forms, the man-made rock upon which the superstructure of an art form must be cast. This is not to say that histories and biographies cannot be great art; we have but to reach for Plutarch or Gibbons to perceive this. Yet even in these classical cases it is not history itself that has created indestructible art but rather the mind of the author which has emerged with a work so lucid in understanding or rich in beauty that it lives forever.

What makes a respectable biographer turn of his own free will to the biographical novel, which has been none-too-gently treated by certain critics who have called it a bastard form, like the opera? While standing before a mass of raw material what makes a writer decide that one life should be done as a straight biography, and another as a biographical novel?

The biographical novel attempts to fuse not only its parent sources of biography and the novel but that of its grandparent, history, as well. It must tell the biographical story of its main character, not in the bulk of its million-fold detail but in its essence; it must recreate the individual against the background of his times, with all of its authentic historical flavor; and, above all, it must live up to the rigid demands of the novel structure. If the biographical novel has a tendency to over-simplify, it is in the same way that man's memory does as he looks back over his span of time, forgetting nine-tenths of the bulk, remembering only that distillation which has meaning. The biographical novelist has a greater freedom to interpret; the reader, though exposed to fewer facts, has a chance to come away with a deeper understanding of motivation. Admittedly, as against the pure history or biography, the book will end up as much a portrait of the author as of the subject.

NOT every life lived since the beginning of time will fit into the form of a novel, loose as that form has become. There are specific dramatic elements that must be present, recurrent themes of conflict weaving through its entirety, an overall perceivable pattern into which the parts can be fitted to make an organic whole. There are many lives, important and significant, that are diffuse, their content and design antithetical to the novel structure; while others seem to have been lived as though the subject himself were constantly aware he was creating an art form.

Such a man was Napoleon Bonaparte, who lived a hundred biographical novels, all of them authentic, albeit sanguinary works of art. One of these is "The Eagle and the Rock," by Frances Winwar, who comes to her task with the back-



—Jacket design by Robert Hallock for "The Eagle and the Rock."

"... history and biography march across the pages with color and clangor."

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ground of eight solidly-based biographies. Miss Winwar picks up Napoleon, rather tenderly, as the poor but fiery young son of a minor French Government official in Corsica, lays him to rest finally and tenderly on the rock of St. Helena. Miss Winwar apparently had no desire to tell the biography of Napoleon as a professional politician and soldier: most of the battles are fought off stage. What she wanted to relate was the novel of his personal story.

"The Eagle and the Rock" is told through the eyes and lips of Victor de Laurestan who was, Miss Winwar informs us, Napoleon's childhood friend, remaining faithful through Napoleon's triumphs, tragedies, and ultimate destruction. Since Chuquet's definitive "La Jeunesse de Napoleon" does not reveal the name of Laurestan, we can only conclude that Miss Winwar invented him as a fictional device with which to compress the staggering Napoleonic legend into 370 pages, a stratagem which this more orthodox practitioner might not have had the courage to essay.

The device is a convenient one: it provides the author with someone who will interpret Napoleon's life, act as a Greek chorus for the reader. Yet in order to have been entirely successful, since she will not permit us *to become Napoleon*, there was the great need for Victor de Laurestan to come so completely alive that we could identify ourselves with him, and thus at least live Napoleon's life from behind the eyes and inside the heart of his oldest friend. However, the two best-realized characters are Napoleon's mother, Madame Mère, and his wife, Josephine: we understand these women and are sympathetic because we are privileged to know what they are thinking and feeling. With Napoleon and Laurestan we know only what they are doing; the fact is so much less important than the reason behind it.

The sheer relating of Napoleon's acts unfolds a vast pageant: the French Revolution, the beheading of Louis XIV and Marie Antoinette, the setting up of the Republic, the building of the Empire and the Emperor, the story of his passionate, foolhardy love for Josephine, of her betrayal of him . . . all this history and biography marches across the pages with color and clangor. But if "The Eagle and the Rock" had achieved so high an art form that the reader could have become the poor little Corsican boy who rose to be Emperor Napoleon I, dying a prisoner on a lonely island; ah, that would indeed have been living a great tale. [Harper & Bros. 371 pp. $3.95.]

Memories of Metaphysics

Howard Mumford Jones, *professor of English at Harvard University, reviews a new collection of* Jean Stafford's *short stories,* "Children Are Bored on Sunday."

—*Erich Hartmann.*

Jean Stafford "expert writing."

Of the extraordinary ability of Jean Stafford as an imaginative writer there can be no doubt, but the quality of that ability is difficult to define. Her new collection of sketches and short stories, "Children Are Bored on Sunday," raises the whole problem of the nature of her talent, its strength, and its weakness.

It is, of course, an extraordinarily perceptive talent: it is also a talent having masterly control over language as an instrument. There is no sentence in the volume which does not have its clean, precise line. Difficult ideas are stated with effortless ease, the difficulty of the idea not being a metaphysical difficulty but a difficulty of conveying to the reader the impression made upon some problematical personality by a particular human situation. The visible world exists. The visibility of the world is a double visibility—the world is visible alike to the writer and to the character under scrutiny, and yet the duple quality of the vision is everywhere scrupulously conveyed.

And yet, despite all this remarkable ability, "Children Are Bored on Sunday" leaves upon this reader, at least, a mixed and somewhat disturbing impression. Certain pieces—for example, "A Country Love Story" and "The Interior Castle"—are deeply felt, albeit the feeling in nowise disturbs the firm control of the artist. But other pieces—for example, "A Modest Proposal" and "The Bleeding Heart"—seem to me contrived, they are almost bravura pieces, they are intricate and beautiful mechanisms that move in a vacuum, they are products of that state of mind, that attitude towards writing which Malcolm Cowley found disturbing in an essay, recently published in *Harper's*, on the younger novelists.

I confess I do not understand the nature of this weakness. It does not spring from lack of social sympathy ("The Home Front" is as neat an indictment of man's cruelty to man and animals as I have ever read). It does not spring from a lack of what in the broadest sense may be termed political responsibility—a story like "The Maiden" raises by implication the whole vast problem of whether international misunderstanding is not the basis of our confusion. Perhaps it springs from a kind of terror—terror at the abysses of human nature itself, its unpredicability, its self-deception, the little role which rationality has in its operation.

If this be true, an absorption in the technological aspects of writing becomes a kind of protection against fear. One retreats into one's tower, not from disdain of the multitude, but from fear of one's self. One spins his intricate armor of art as a momentary stay, not so much against confusion, as against distrust. One takes refuge in irony, even in sympathy, as behind a shield. The horror of existence becomes, as it were, a fashionable code: and brilliant swordsmanship, unwonted dexterity of wrist and eye grow to be ends in themselves.

I do not think Miss Stafford is wholly of this camp; and yet there are elements in this collection that disturb me because they seem to point in this direction. In the long run I doubt that it is the right direction in which to go, since, at the end of the journey, one finds, so to speak, only a rich rhetorician like D'Annunzio. Meanwhile, should these metaphysical considerations seem irrelevant to the general reader, let that mythical character read "Children Are Bored on Sunday" and receive from it the pleasure which expert writing always gives to those with cultivated eyes and ears. [Harcourt, Brace & Co. 252 pp. $3.]

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Old Celtic Spells

Henri Peyre,
professor of French at Yale, hails Mervyn Saville's translation of a nigh-tragic Breton fairy tale that will delight children and grownups alike: ANNE DE TOURVILLE'S "WEDDING DANCE."

IT WAS a discerning feminine committee that awarded the Femina Prize to Anne de Tourville's "Wedding Dance." It is at the same time a delightful children's book, a weird tale of mysterious primitive behavior in some remote district of Brittany, and a very human and pathetic story of romantic love triumphing against the hostility of obdurate parents. Mlle. de Tourville is an artist and that rare person today, an expert storyteller.

A rich farmer has just died. His widow, Katell Dalenn, loved him dearly but rejoices at the wide expanse of fields that he had accumulated and which is now solely hers. Her estate reaches almost as far as the Collines Brûlées, stony, hostile hills, over which clouds and storms gather. The widow has arranged a sumptuous funeral, with a meal which duly impresses all her friends. Only her son, Ener, feels forlorn and sulks while his mother avidly goes over accounts and legal documents.

Ener wanders in the fields with a friend, ventures across the Rivière Froide and through the thickets. There he encounters a dishevelled little girl, who cries because she has lost her comb in the woods. Her name is Gaud and she is the daughter of a very poor woodcutter, fair like a princess in a fairy tale. Ener and his young friend comfort her sorrow, gently wipe her tears, and disentangle her long unkempt hair. The next morning, at dawn, he brings her a new comb. A few years later, he bluntly announces to his mother that he will marry the girl.

All those Breton peasants, living in an age which is nowhere specified, but can hardly be that of trains and automobiles, listen to voices which announce dire events and practise weird rites to avert the predicted catastrophes. The visionary woman among them, feared but obeyed by the village, is the beadle's wife, who reads the omens of doves and ravens in the sky, knows what formulas of prayer or of curse to whisper for every occurrence.

The wedding procession of Ener and Gaud impresses everyone but the beadle's wife, who has read some ominous portents in the sky. At the banquet the bridegroom's mother feels venomous anger mounting in her at the thought of the destitute daughter-in-law with whom she will have to share the wealth her husband had patiently accumulated. She utters a curse on the newlywed couple.

The guests, horrified, nevertheless eat and drink to their heart's content, dance with bagpipes. The same night, the widow chides her daughter-in-law with such wickedness that the bride escapes in the dark. Her husband pines for her in vain, rises in revolt against his wicked mother, who finally leaves the house to end her days in solitude.

A long search ensues and the young husband, distracted with grief, mourns his escaped bride. One day, while a storm rages over the Collines Brûlées, Ener discovers her in the lonely hut of a poor shepherdess. The beadle's wife, who had predicted so much evil that she could not avert, for all her kindness, is now dead and gone. After many vicissitudes, the tragic fairy tale has ended happily.

Anne de Tourville has laden her novel with folklore and skilful suggestions of pagan rites and magic dances. She is evidently an expert in the manners and superstitions of primitive districts of Brittany. Her Breton folk are pious but their religion seems only superficially coated with a thin veneer of Christianity. She has pictured her characters as more barbaric, probably also as more naïve and more romantic than the modern traveler in the remotest haunts of Brittany would find them to be.

But she is a talented writer and her publisher hit upon a very expert translator. Her deft and vivid style, well rendered into English by Mervyn Saville, does full justice to her acute gift of observation and to her fantasy. She makes the supernatural appear credible and effortlessly achieves the magic suspension of disbelief which her tale requires. This story, most unlike the majority of books translated from the French these days, holds a pure, fresh charm for grownups and children alike. [Farrar, Straus & Young. 296 pp. $3.]

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 997)

M. FISHBACK:
SOCIAL CLIMBERS

Mouton is a gay deceiver
Sheared and dyed to look like beaver.
Think of this and you will blink:
Muskrat dressed to look like mink!
And the mink, when he is able,
Dyes to be a Russian sable.
Take care, Kitty Cat my pet,
Or you'll be a broadtail yet.

The Convalescent

Harrison Smith
reviews a new novel by EDGAR MITTELHOLZER, *remembered for "Shadows Move Among Them" and other stories of British Guiana. Its name:* "THE WEATHER IN MIDDENSHOT."

THE torrid background and startling, almost preposterous characters in Edgar Mittelholzer's novels of his native country, British Guiana, have given his work a vitality and exuberance that is rare in modern fiction. Like Joyce Cary, he finds life on any level an exciting adventure. Not content in his new novel, "The Weather in Middenshot," with keeping the reader on edge with four unsolved murders and a sadist escaped from a lunatic asylum, Mr. Mittelholzer has added what amounts to a tract on the necessity for euthanasia.

His principal character is Edgar Jarrow, an old man, who appears to be as mad as a March hare, but by no means as innocent, since his mind dwells on corpses and the various unpleasant ways of poisoning and in other ways disposing of human beings. For seventeen years he has been cared for in his cottage by his wife, whom he insists is dead six days in every week. His middle-aged daughter, Grace, has turned herself into a knitting machine to support him. The villagers half a mile away from the bleak woods and the heath where the Jarrows live have grown used to the dead dogs and cats the old man brings around. No one doubts that he is an eccentric and harmless madman.

The long winter storm is the signal for four brutal and mysterious murders. The local police are helpless until two philosophical private detectives arrive on the scene. They spend most of their time arguing about a Fascist thesis that appears to be the motive for the crimes and the purpose for which the novel was written. They believe that the world will soon become crowded with senile old people while millions of dangerous criminals, sadists, and murderers prey on society.

It is useless to send malefactors to jail, for they constantly return to plague, rape, and kill human beings. The old people must destroy themselves or be put out of the way and the correct percentage of babies disposed of at birth. In moments of frightening sanity, Jarrow choruses the theme, "Strength loves strength reverses strength, O Lord, save us from the weak people of the world O, Lord, convince our moralists and

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politicians of the necessity of strength with discipline."

To balance a frightening story, whose climax should be hidden from prospective readers, Mr. Mittelholzer has his lighter moments in the ribald affair between a solitary orchid-grower's timid approach to Grace Jarrow and in his ribald and pleasantly erotic account of his love affair with the highly-sexed little wench who takes care of his cottage. The rest of the novel has an eerie and nightmare quality which is enhanced rather than diluted by the author's preposterous doctrine of salvation through murder and suicide. [John Day Co. 280 pp. $3.]

Universe of a Bed

Martin Rice

reviews "STEPHANIA," *an extraordinary first novel by a young Polish-born woman,* ILONA KARMEL.

THE newsworthy facts about Ilona Karmel's novel "Stephania" are so numerous and interesting, and have been so generously publicized, that they create the danger that its very remarkable qualities as a novel may be overlooked: It is a first novel; it was written by a girl, still in her twenties, while she was a student in an American college; its Polish-born author grew up in the ghettos of Poland, the concentration camps of Nazi Germany, and writes in an English only recently acquired.

All of these facts are quickly forgotten when Miss Karmel with her first word introduces us into Room Five, Ward Two of a Stockholm hospital for the handicapped and leaves us there for three hundred and seventy-five pages and a crowded narrative year. She writes with the sure craftsmanship of an experienced writer. The balanced maturity of point of view would be notable in a writer twice her twenty-seven years of age. The straightforwardness of her prose seems to belie her recent acquisition of English. Archibald MacLeish undoubtedly overstates the case when he calls her novel "one of the most dramatic incidents in the cultural record of our time," but his enthusiam is understandable. "Stephania" is a considerable novel and an event for any literary season.

Miss Karmel's story centers around the three women whose immediate horizons are bounded by the four walls of Room Five. Stephania is a hunchback as a result of her treatment at the hands of the Nazis; Thura is almost completely paralyzed as a result of an infantile paralysis attack; Maria Nillson, dumpily fat and a compulsive eater, cannot sustain her weight on a broken leg that will not mend. Each of the three is a captive both of the monotonous hospital routine and of the wish-fulfilment dreams of a future where they will be whole, well, and no longer "handicapped." It is Miss Karmel's achievement that, rarely moving outside the confines of the hospital room, she is able to make a searching comment on the large problems of human relationships, aspirations, and responsibilities in the world today. It is another part of her accomplishment that without descending to sentimental solutions she is able to wrest an affirmative message from a situation that on the surface contains nothing but disappointment and the temptation to despair. None of her three women achieves the physical rehabilitation which each dreams and for which each strives through the pages of the book. Yet, through the complex interrelationships that develop among them, each grows in emotional stature, understanding, and the ability to cope realistically with a real world.

Miss Karmel's debut is not of the noisome type with which so many "promising" writers enter upon—and usually depart from—the literary scene. Hers is a solid substantial novel by a writer with serious things to say and the ability to say them movingly and with forthrightness. [Houghton Mifflin. 375 pp. $3.75.]

Ilona Karmel—"a considerable novel."

Fiction Notes

GIRL INTO WOMAN: Hallie Southgate Burnett, whose first novel was—for this reader—not an unqualified success, has made a considerable advance with her second. **"This Heart, This Hunter"** (Holt, $3) has its faults, but they are overshadowed by the sure way with which Mrs. Burnett accomplishes the transformation of her heroine from a naive and rather characterless girl into a sound, mature woman. Felicia Richardson is a sheltered seventeen when the book opens. Despite her parents' objections, she falls in love with and marries Victor Cardwell, an older student at the university of which Felicia's father is president. Victor, it is painstakingly revealed to us, is no good, a charming opportunist, riddled with prejudice and venal values. It is Felicia's awakening to an understanding of this and coming to terms with herself and her own principles through the first year of marriage that provide the core of Mrs. Burnett's work. In scene after scene the interplay of characters is revealed,—not only Felicia and Victor, but her parents, his mother, and a score of subsidiary characters who live in the small Southern town that provides the book's setting. The book's principal flaw is that despite all the revelations of his nature provided, curiously Victor is the one figure who does not finally emerge as real. This is because, unlike Felicia, he does not change. He is the same on the last page as he was on the first. Happily Felicia does change, and this makes Mrs. Burnett's book.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

UNUSUAL TALES: There is no getting around it: Ray Bradbuy is a story teller. Not a writer of fantasy, or of science-fiction, or of satire, or of the socially conscious story; not a "humorous" writer, nor a "serious" writer. Just a superb teller of popular stories, with an off-beat imagination, a fecundity of invention that he uses in all fields to write something that will hold you, probably delight you, and occasionally move you. Now he has brought together twenty-two of his short stories in a volume titled **"The Golden Apples of the Sun"** (Doubleday, $3), and I doubt you'll find one in the barrel that isn't to your taste. Moreover, so varied are the themes—though not the tone—that this is one collection you can, and probably will, read at one sitting. For the lover of space stories there are "The Wilderness" and the title story; the time-story devotee will find "A Sound of Thunder"; the

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fantasy lover has been provided for with "The April Witch" and "Invisible Boy"; and the reader who is troubled by the way the world is going should turn to Mr. Bradbury's sardonic view of our mechanized civilization in "The Pedestrian" and "The Murderer." I haven't yet mentioned some of Mr. Bradbury's "straight" stories which I found the most rewarding, but I don't want to turn this into an index. The main point is that all the categories overlap and all the stories are larger than any category in which we might try to fit them. They are stories of consummate craftsmanship that will probably never make the lists of great classics but are beginning to crowd into our anthologies. —E. J. F.

HORSES, DOGS, AND A FEW PEOPLE: Walter D. Edmonds's latest work, **"The Boyds of Black River"** (Dodd, Mead, $3), is not really a novel, though it looks like one. It is a collection of six short stories centering around the same people, the Boyds of upper New York State in the early 1900's, and arranged in chronological order.

All of the stories have human figures whose problems are worked out, but the central figures are animals. In the first one Doone Boyd and the beautiful Kathie are married when the great horse Blue Dandy outruns that new-fangled thing, a motor car. In subsequent ones a boy learns about honor through a dog fight; Blue Dandy wins a trotting race despite chicanery on the side-lines; Leonidas—the fighting dog—kills off a pack of sheep-killing dogs; a romance is arranged with the aid of a colt; and a calfing cow rescues Doone from the snares of a city-slicking enchantress.

Mr. Edmonds's love for his chosen country—upper New York state—comes through as always, his characters are amiably robust stereotypes, and his plotting slick enough for the mass-circulation magazine. This work is however decidedly lighter in intent and achievement than some of his earlier novels. Diverting reading, though. —E. J. F.

LOVE CONQUERS ALL: The hardships that Mary Conroy has to suffer at the hands of author Lenora Mattingly Weber are downright cruel. In the first place, she starts off with a wicked aunt who wants her, of all things, to marry the wastrel son of the town banker just because he has position and prospects. Not for Mary. She is in love with a Civil War soldier she has seen once, and when he turns up she jilts the wastrel to marry this paragon. What do you think the townspeople do? They turn on her, sneer, snub, and almost starve her out. This curious behavior is never motivated by anything but the author's need to show Mary's fortitude, but there it is. So Mary's husband goes off to Denver City to search for gold, and when Mary can endure no more she packs up her newborn baby, her younger sister and brother, a dissolute uncle and his bride, and some cows, and treks out after him. Indomitable is the word and a lucky thing, too. Because there are plenty more hardships in store. Indians and everything. But finally she lands safe in the arms of her beloved man and presumably lives hardily ever after. **"My True Love Waits"** (Crowell, $2.75) is the title and presumably those of Mrs. Weber's audience who liked her previous works will like the story in this one. —E. J. F.

SWAMP RAT IDYLL: According to the mill town folk and the river boat folk, the Coreys were swamp rats. They lived by fishing, hunting, and trapping on a swamp by the Pearl River in the Mississippi bayou country. And, in Pat Smith's **"The River is Home"** (Little, Brown, $3), they lived a very pleasant—not to say idyllic—life.

Oh, there were troubles. Sometimes the river got rough, or a gar would steal their fish and wreck their traps, or the hunting would be poor. But most of the time they ate well, lived well, and were happy.

Pat Smith has created a never-never land that corresponds to most readers' romantic dreams of a simple, untrammeled life close to nature's beauty and bounty. Skeeter, his boy hero, goes fishing on the river and in the swamps, catches moccasins and other snakes with his bare hands, hunts the fox and the deer, traps alligators, and is a master of knife throwing and rifle shooting. Mr. Smith hasn't supplied Skeeter or the rest of the Corey family with much plot, concentrating rather on creation of an ideal bucolic atmosphere. One thin line of suspense has to do with a wound-crazed alligator with whom Skeeter conducts a running feud in the murky atmosphere of the swamps. The outcome is never in doubt, but the situation does provide a few moments of excitement to spice up a pleasant fantasy. —E. J. F.

New Fiction

Limitations of space prevent us from reviewing the works described below in this issue. In many instances more extended notice will be given in forthcoming numbers.

THE ECHOING GROVE. By Rosamond Lehmann. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.95. The first book this fine English novelist has published since her "The Ballad and the Source" in 1945. The story concerns the ancient triangle of two widowed sisters, and one of their dead husbands, and is told through flashback, confession, and stream-of-thought techniques by a writer who knows how to use them.

HEATHER MARY. By J. M. Scott. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. The title of this novel is the name of a boat, and of its owner's dead wife. The action takes place on a trip from England to Bermuda. The characters are five passengers who knew and loved Heather. The outcome: she committed suicide rather than return to her jealous, wrong-headed husband, who, by the trip's end, is penitent. The emotional storms are nicely matched by real ones of waves, wind, and water.

THE JOYFUL CONDEMNED. By Kylie Tennant. New York: St. Martin's Press. $3. Another novel from Down Under, concerning the low life of a street in Sydney, wherein a gallery of night ladies, social workers, jailbirds, and watch-and-warders tangle in the interests of regeneration.

THE MARRIAGE OF ELIZABETH WHITACKER. By Jacobine Hichens. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3.50. Elizabeth Whitacker is a widow and an Anglican, and Michael is a Roman Catholic who would marry her. The novel moves around Elizabeth's finding she cannot in good conscience become a convert, and so cannot be Michael's wife. There is, however, another, less complicated man around the corner at the book's close.

STREET OF THE THREE FRIENDS. By Myron Brinig. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3.50. Three transplanted Americans who live in the same house on the Rue des Trois Amis in Paris are the central characters of this novel of love requited and unrequited.

UNDERCURRENT. By Barbara Jefferis. New York: William Sloane Assoc. $2.75. Miss Doxy, English, discovers on her birthday that many of her beliefs, anxieties, and prejudices about her family, her work—which is of a confidential nature—and herself, are groundless. Result: Life *can* be beautiful.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 516

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 516 will be found in the next issue.

NATETBM CO THEM

KBTFCOD

LPTHB OCQK TRF.

. T. L. STEDKO

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 515

Fanaticism consists in redoubling your effort when you have forgotten your aim.

—SANTAYANA.

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Just Published

Many of the titles described below, which we do not have room to review in this issue, will be given more extended treatment in forthcoming numbers. New fiction is listed elsewhere in this issue.

THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE. By Stanley F. Horn. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. $6. A history of the Confederate Army which operated between the Appalachians and the Mississippi River, and which was broken by Grant in '64.

BAKUNIN: The Political Philosophy of Scientific Anarchism. Edited by G. P. Maximoff. Glencoe, Ill.: The Free Press. $6. Selections from the writings of the anarchist and nihilist published for the first time in English, together with a complete biographical sketch by Max Nettlau.

BEST SPORTS STORIES: 1953 Edition. Edited by Irving T. Marsh and Edward Ehre. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50. The ninth annual collection of the year's best sports stories chosen by Quentin Reynolds, Bob Considine, and John Chamberlain.

BORIS GODUNOV. By Alexander Pushkin. Russian text with translation and notes by Philip L. Barbour. New York: Columbia University Press. $3. The famous play, first published in 1825, on which Moussorgsky based his opera, in a new translation, with notes, and facing Russian and English pages.

CONFEDERATE GEORGIA. By T. Conn Bryan. Athens: University of Georgia Press. $4.50. Here is a history of the then sovereign Confederate state of Georgia during its years of secession from the Union. Professor Bryan, a Southerner, examines the political, military, economic, and social levels of the state's life in the days before Sherman came stomping through on his way to the sea.

THE CONSERVATIVE MIND. By Russell Kirk. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. $6.50. A long essay that traces the thinking of the great conservatives from 1790 to the present, and argues that it is tradition, not rebellion, that has kept the world afloat and all of a piece. Burke, Coleridge, Macaulay, Tocqueville, Babbit, and More are a few of the thinkers Mr. Kirk has used to buttress his thesis.

DODGER DAZE AND KNIGHTS. By Tommy Holmes. New York: David McKay. $3. A book about "the Bums" that tells their history from their invention through to their endless present, complete with inside anecdotia on such as Dressen, Leo the Lip, McPhail, Branch Rickey, and Jackie Robinson. Not for those of a different or Giant-like persuasion.

DOWN IN THE HOLLER: A Gallery of Ozark Folk Speech. By Vance Randolph & George P. Wilson. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. $5. This is a kind of left-handed Fowler's "Modern English Usage," based on the speech, grammar, pronunciation, and dialects of the Ozark mountain people—written by the man who gave us the book with the title of its year: "Who Blowed Up the Church House?"

EARLY CHRISTIAN FATHERS. Edited by Cyril C. Richardson. Philadelphia: Westminster Press. $5. Volume One in this press's "Library of Christian Classics," which goes back to "Clement's First Letter" (96 A.D.), in new translations and with clarifying notes on this earliest and murkiest part of Christian history.

THE ENIGMA OF THOMAS WOLFE. Edited by Richard Walser. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 4.75. A collection of pieces by various hands about the intriguing Gargantua of Asheville that attempts to puzzle out the whys and wherefores of a writer who would have gobbled up America whole if it were humanly possible.

FOREIGN POLICY WITHOUT FEAR. By Vera Micheles Dean. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.75. A follow-up of Mrs. Dean's "Europe and the United States," by a foreign policy expert who believes the world's ills are not the result of clear-cut good and evil, that we had better understand the forces of poverty, and that, if we are to help Asia and Europe, we had better realign our living of democracy at home and our generous promises to those abroad.

HORSES AND MEN. Edited by Jack Creamer. New York: Coward McCann. $4. Mr. Creamer has brought together 22 short pieces by various known and little-known American writers that tell of the mess and glory—in fact and fiction—the horse has gotten into on racetracks and elsewhere since he began consorting with man.

THE LANGUAGE OF MUSIC. By Klaus Liepmann. New York: The Ronald Press. $5. A guide to the understanding of harmony, rhythm, melody, and tonality, complete with discussions and explanations of selected works of the great composers.

MAKING A POEM: An Inquiry Into the Creative Process. By Melville Cane. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.95. One of America's better practising poets makes here an investigation into a process that won't be fathomed until we have stopped using it—the creative process. He uses several of his own poems as working examples.

MAN OF FIRE: OROZCO. By MacKinley Helm. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $7.50. A full biography of the great Mexican painter famed for his huge, vibrant murals. Sixty-odd reproductions of his work, together with a bibliography round out the book.

MISS DOUGLAS OF NEW YORK. By Angus Davidson. New York: Viking Press. $3.75. A biography of an early eighteenth-century American woman who loved money and social éclat better than simple workaday Virtue. She became, in her ceaseless travels, the friend of such as Southey, Coleridge, Lafayette, and Mme. Recamier, finally married one Henry Cruger, who had courted her up and down the seven seas, and destroyed him, and herself, after a long, long life.

OUR ANIMAL NEIGHBORS. By Alan and Mary Devoe. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50. A leisurely report of the animal doings (muskrat, raccoon, rabbit, fox, etc.) on the authors' 125-acre place in the Berkshires. Flavored with dashes of Thoreau, Disney, and other great observers of the natural, or non-urban, world.

THE PEOPLE'S RIGHT TO KNOW: Legal Access to Public Records and Proceedings. By Harold L. Cross. New York: Columbia University Press. $5.50. An intensive study of the various Federal and state laws that govern the availability of public records, public doings, and so the flow of news, which, in this reign of the whisper, is being gradually throttled by a scared officialdom.

PHYSIOLOGICAL FOUNDATIONS OF NEUROLOGY & PSYCHOLOGY. By Ernst Gellhorn. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. $8.50. A thorough discussion of the newest findings relating to the human nervous system, and of what neurologists and psychiatrists have discovered using such bases for their experiments in shock treatment and carbon dioxide therapy.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ANDRE GIDE. By Roger Martin Du Gard. New York: Viking Press. $2.75. A short memoir of the late French writer by one of his closest friends, replete with literary discussions the two carried on over the years and personal remembrances of Gide's great moral struggle, as well as his many lesser activities as a musician, athlete, and nature lover.

REPORTERS FOR THE UNION. By Bernard A. Weisberger. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4.50. The Civil War was a great stepping stone for journalism, which up until that time was pretty rowdy, biased stuff. Professor Weisberger bases a good deal of his history on the reportorial activities of the North's triumvirate: *The Herald, The Tribune,* and *The Times,* and shows how such reporters as Ogden Reid helped shape today's factual news story.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE AT PRAIRIE VIEW. By Marshall A. Barber. Lawrence: University of Kansas Press. $2. Going back some eighty years, Mr. Barber recounts his early school days and the important place of the school in the community.

SHAKESPEARIAN PLAYERS AND PERFORMANCES. By Arthur Colby Sprague. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. $4.50. A history and recreation of some of the actual performances of famous Shakespearian actors in some of their most famous roles, such as Garrick's Lear, Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth, Kean as Othello, Irving as Shylock, and Edwin Booth as Iago. Based on contemporary accounts.

SHANGHAI PIERCE: A Fair Likeness. By Chris Emmet. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. $5. A life of Shanghai Pierce, who came to Texas from Rhode Island in the mid-nineteenth century with pennies in his pocket, and grew to be six-foot-five and 250 lbs., as well as one of the wealthiest and most energetic of the great cattle barons of the Old Southwest.

SOCIOLOGY AND PSYCHOLOGY OF COMMUNISM. By Jules Monnerot. Translated by Jane Degras and Richard Rees. Boston: Beacon Press. $6. An analytical work that seeks to reduce today's working Communism, or Stalinism, or Malenkovism, into a set of comprehensible sociological and psychological causes and effects.

TALK IT OUT WITH YOUR CHILD. By Dr. Mary M. Thompson and Jean Marshall Simpson. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50. A book by two advocates of a child-raising technique that would have left the Victorian, or seen-and-not-heard, school with their mouths agape. Before you belt Johnny, at least talk to him about it, or better still, talk to him and don't belt him.

THIS IS OHIO. By Grace Goulder Izant. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. $2.75. A county-by-county resume of the state, liberally sprinkled with photographs, and designed especially for the teen-age population.

THE TRUMAN ERA. By I. F. Stone. New York: Citadel Press. $3.00. A collection of what he considers his best pieces done for the now defunct *PM, New York Star,* and the *Daily Compass,* by a left-wing reporter who is now putting out his own *Weekly* from Washington.

TWO LIVES: The Story of Wesley Clair Mitchell and Myself. By Lucy Sprague Mitchell. New York: Simon & Schuster. $5. A big double-barreled biography-autobiography, by one of the nation's leading educators, about her life as an educational progressive, teacher, and author, and about her husband, a leading economist, who died in 1948, and of their 36 years of a happy, busy, jam-packed married life.

—W. B.

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The Saturday Review

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Peace on a Silver Platter?

SEVERAL years ago *Argosy Magazine* asked a number of newspaper editors to suggest the one headline they thought would make the biggest news in their lifetimes. With variations, the two headlines that topped the list had to do with the passing of Stalin and the advent of real peace. Many of the suggested headlines, in fact, tied the two events together.

The first headline has already erupted in big and bold type in the world's newspapers and in history. And, as in the case of the editor's poll, there is a disposition in many places to tie up the Russian ruler's death with a new era in world peace. Lending some substance at least to these hopes is the growing list of Russian moves at home and abroad, among them some internal measures that may add up to a momentous repudiation of the old doctrine of Stalin's infallibility.

And yet it would be dangerous to assume that a change in attitude is all that is necessary for the end of the cold war. Peace is a complicated business. Before peace can become real a lot more has to happen in the world than the advent of a new regime in Soviet Russia. Peace depends on much more than a few men in power promising to be good. It depends on much more, even, than the cessation of aggression or a sudden easing up of world tensions.

Peace, like war, is not something that doesn't happen. It is much more than non-war. It is the result of people doing things—not merely some people refraining from doing things. Peace to be real has to take shape. Like anything that lives, it must have a form of its own and even a personality of its own. In short, peace is as much the product of established law as law is the product of established government.

And law is more than a theory. Law is a going concern; that is, if it is any good. It has a lot of moving parts and they are all visible. It is not merely traffic regulations but traffic lights and a cop on the corner and a judge behind the bench and penalties that are handed out to violators. World law to be effective must begin with a sharp definition of the rules of the game; it must have enough policemen adequately armed to prevent trouble as well as to handle it if it occurs; it must have courts to do a long list of things, not least among which is the job of making sure that people in government don't overstep their authority.

A smile instead of a scowl on a man's face doesn't by itself provide the foundation, the architecture, and the building blocks of a lasting peace. It doesn't change the fact that we live in an age of hydrogen bombs, atomic bombs, guided missiles, globe-girdling heavy bombers, and long-range submarines with launching platforms for atomic explosives. Nor does it change the fact that more than a billion human beings—most of them in Asia and Africa—are caught up in one of history's greatest upheavals. It doesn't provide a tangible instrument for providing freedom and justice where none now exist.

Malenkov can stop rocking the boat. But what about the boat itself? What do we do about the dangerous leaks in the boat bottom? And what do we do about the fact that the boat has no clearly defined direction—even though all the oars may at times be moving in unison?

PRESIDENT Eisenhower's historic statement on peace to the nation's newspaper editors made it clear that many specific things would have to happen before there could be any real justification for the hope that the change in Russian leadership would automatically produce an end to the cold war. The President's statement reflected moral imagination and an inspiring awareness of the need for the United States to talk about the conditions of peace on a somewhat higher level than the mathematical equations of military force.

This is the moment to follow up the magnificent challenge of the President's talk by defining as fully as possible the conditions of a working peace. Let us emphasize the architectural aspects of the peace. There are pointed questions we ought to continue to ask—not only of Premier Malenkov but of all the world's statesmen and indeed of ourselves:

1. Are you willing to limit your armaments to such weapons as are adequate for purposes of internal security?
2. Are you willing to agree to a *foolproof* system of control over the manufacture of atomic bombs and hydrogen bombs—indeed, over all weapons adapted to mass destruction? Are you willing to give United Nations inspectors right of access to your country in order to guard against secret manufacture of prescribed weapons?
3. Are you willing to regard any breach of disarmament as a crime against the human race?

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"Is It the Same Old Recipe Book?"

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4. Are you willing to accept the principle laid down at Nuremberg at the end of World War II; namely, that war is a crime against the human community for which *individuals* are responsible. Are you willing to give the United Nations the jurisdiction necessary to apprehend guilty individuals *before* rather than *after* the damage is done?
5. Are you willing to give up all efforts to interfere with or control the internal affairs of other nations?
6. Are you willing to submit all grievances or protests involving other states to the proper agencies of the United Nations?
7. Are you willing to accept the decisions, properly made, of the United Nations involving grievances by you against other nations or of other nations against you?
8. In order that all nations may have confidence in the decisions of the United Nations in those matters concerned with world security, are you willing to join in the effort to give the United Nations responsible powers under clearly defined law? Are you willing that the United Nations should be able to enact, interpret, and enforce world law in those matters clearly concerned with the common dangers and needs facing the world's peoples?
9. Are you willing to join with other nations in re-examining the basis of representation in the United Nations in order to provide for a more equitable method of arriving at decisions that is now possible under the one-nation-one-vote method?
10. In short, are you willing to be part of a world organization which will underwrite the national safety and internal sovereignty of all nations, with authority to act effectively to *prevent* war or the threat of war?

THESE are the questions that can make sense for all the world's peoples. If we get the right answers, we have a good chance to keep this earth habitable for the human species. The right answers can spell out a purposeful peace.

These questions should not be earmarked for export only. If they are to have any striking power, we must ask them of ourselves as well. Foreign policy is, or should be, a partnership between Government and people. The President can be effective only if he has continuing and dramatic evidence of a public mandate in behalf of a United Nations that can truly represent a world community under law. Woodrow Wilson lost his battle for the League not on the floor of the Senate but on the battleground of public opinion. Since that time, there has been something of a feeling that the people have actually tended to be far out in front of the Government. If that is true, an easy way to prove it would be for the American people to enter into the largest and most productive correspondence with their President this nation has yet known.

—N. C.

Eduard C. Lindeman

BORN in very modest circumstances, and orphaned at an early age, Eduard C. Lindeman was nearly twenty years old before he taught himself to read. Until he was twenty-one he worked as a laborer and finally put himself through college at the age of twenty-six.

When this quiet, gentle man died last month in his sixty-eighth year he was a beloved teacher who inspired in his pupils a burning love of learning, a distinguished philosopher, and a nationally respected leader in the field of adult education.

His own early struggle for an education instilled in him a compassionate understanding of the hunger for knowledge that can fill the inarticulate hearts of people anywhere, and he had an abiding conviction that in a democracy unafraid of freedom this hunger can be best and most wisely satisfied.

It is fitting that the final article he wrote for *The Saturday Review* (see page 11) should be an eloquent analysis and advocacy of the contribution that inexpensive, paper-bound reprint books are making to the "deep-seated cultural needs" of the American people. This need he understood. His life gave daily meaning to his own strong faith that people can in a democracy become great if they act greatly. He once wrote:

"We become what we do. From a scientific viewpoint there is no escape from this law, no escape save moral betrayal. How unreasonable and unscientific is the notion that people who tell lies, who perpetuate dishonest conspiracies and circumvent laws will ever succeed in creating a better world. And how absurd is the accompanying pretext that people who suppress freedom will thereby conserve it. 'The ends pre-exist in the means,' says Emerson, and so also says science. If humane and liberal ends are desired, we must behave humanely and liberally. The citizen who strives for democratic goals must discipline himself in the use of democratic means."

In these times when our democratic faith is challenged by hostile or frightened voices not only *abroad*, but *at home*, we can pay tribute to Dr. Lindeman by holding up his words as one credo for our age to live by.

—W. D. P.

Bookmarks

POETS are delighted at the consideration shown them by the Georgia Legislature in inventing and endorsing the word *andor*. They now have another rhyme for candor besides Walter Savage Landor.

* * *

"Tailor and Cutter," a British trade journal, has put T. S. Eliot on its roster of the best-dressed men of the year. Things are certainly looking up in the poetry department since that dowdy Mr. Whitman left us.

* * *

The jacket of Elizabeth Spencer's "This Crooked Way" announces that "unlike many recent Southern novels, it is a vital, moving story." Somebody fixing to start That War all over again?

* * *

This week's special hate: Standing browsers in public libraries who, with an open book in their hot little hands, sprawl their arms along the tops of bookcases and thereby make inaccessible to everybody else all the fiction from Ho to Hum.

* * *

In the latest "American Book-Prices Current," Editor Edward Lazare reports the sale of thirteen documents signed by Adolf Hitler at an average price of just over $15—a high of $25 and a low of $11. Benito Mussolini and Josef Stalin? Nothing bid, nothing asked.

—J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GERMAN STEAKS

I WAS DISTURBED by a strange personal insinuation in Telford Taylor's review of my book, "The Return of Germany: A Tale of Two Countries" [*SR* April 11]. With reference to my critical remarks on the Morgenthau Plan and the early phases of American occupation policy in Germany, Gen. Taylor writes: "One cannot help but wonder whether they were inserted by another hand, like poisoned salt sprinkled on a sound good steak."

Gen. Taylor is, of course, fully entitled to question the validity of some of my observations; but it seems an unwarrantable and indefensible reflection on my personal and professional integrity for him to imply that certain political evaluations were "inserted" into my book by a mysterious "other hand."

I hope it will put Gen. Taylor at his ease if I assure him that I—and nobody else—chose the ingredients that went into my steak—salt, pepper, and everything. To be precise, I—and no "other hand"—wrote my book, from the first to the last line.

What seems "so strange" to Gen. Taylor is the fact that I wrote a report that is critical of certain facets of present-day Germany *as well as* of certain phases of U.S. policy toward Germany. That this should seem "strange" to anybody seems rather strange to me. I would forgo my moral right to criticize Germany if I did not apply the same critical standards toward America, which is my country. Gen. Taylor's background is that of a prosecutor and a lawyer who has to concentrate his charges upon one side rather than present a fair, balanced, comprehensive picture. I am a reporter who tries to understand both sides and to whitewash neither.

My characterization of the record of American occupation policy in the first postwar years as a "dark record," to which Gen. Taylor objects, is based on my talks with a great many Germans and American occupation officials. Compared with the totalitarian—Nazi and Communist—record, the American record is immeasurably brighter, as I showed in my book.

Gauged by the moral values, the social faith, and the practical intentions of the majority of the American people, and by its general effects, it was, nevertheless, rather dark—if we remember the ban on fraternization, the continuous concessions to Soviet demands (starting with the Morgenthau Plan which, while it appealed to, and was approved by, many non-Communists, originated from Communist sources) the dismantling policy, the erroneous denazification policy. There were also some valuable and good things achieved by the Occupation, as I mentioned in my book, and since 1948 they fortunately outweighted the bad and damaging ones, and I attempted to show their effect on the German temper. I should appreciate Gen. Taylor's giving me, rather than "another hand," the credit for my opinions.

NORBERT MUHLEN.

New York, N. Y.

"Confidentially, Ivan, what are we guarding?"

REPLY

THE SENTENCE IN MY review which has disturbed Mr. Muhlen was figurative and certainly not intended to reflect on his "personal and professional integrity." I am sure that no one who has read my review will think that it failed to recognize that American occupation policy in Germany was less than perfect. I am happy to accept Mr. Muhlen's statement that everything in his book is his own, and his letter has reinforced my high opinion of his honesty, at the same time that it has shaken my faith in his perspicacity.

TELFORD TAYLOR.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: SR *regrets that several sentences of General Taylor's review succumbed to space limitations of its editorial department. They have little bearing on the objections Mr. Muhlen raised, but as they sum up Mr. Taylor's opinion of the book, we reprint the concluding two paragraphs in full:*

"What is so strange about these lapses in Mr. Muhlen's book is that they are out of keeping with its general temper. These few preposterous charges are dropped in as ex cathedra *asides, with no attempt to support them, and with no necessary relation to the main themes. One cannot help but wonder whether they were inserted by another hand, like poisoned salt sprinkled on a good sound steak.*

"Those who are well informed enough to blow away the salt will find the meat good. This is a book that every student of contemporary Europe and of American foreign policy should read. As Mr. Muhlen says in conclusion, Germany is our test and our challenge. 'In this contest, America's own vital interests are at stake. If it loses Germany, it will—in addition to the perhaps decisive weakening of its defensive power by the loss of German raw materials, manpower, strategic space—lose the great battle of ideas'."

ADVICE

I THINK Stephen E. Fitzgerald's "readability" problem can easily be solved if writers of all sorts would follow the advice of La Bruyère. As a rewrite-man on various newspapers I kept this pasted on my typewriter. La Bruyère said: "If you want to say it is raining, say: 'It is raining'."

BRUCE GRANT.

Evanston, Ill.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Tale of Thirty-six Characters

EMLYN WILLIAMS proved last season that he could give an impeccable performance as Charles Dickens reading a series of selections from his own works. That series, which he is still performing under the title of "Mixed Bill," is a stunningly adept theatrical curiosity, and has been thoroughly and rightfully praised. Now Mr. Williams has enlarged his repertoire with an adaptation he has fashioned from Dickens's novel "Bleak House," and while it also is an unforgettable cameo, those who have witnessed his earlier program will probably find this not sufficiently different to exempt it from the law of diminishing returns.

Those who have not may find the unending parade of characters strung on the labyrinthine plot of "Bleak House" a memorable pageant. First the austere entrance of Dickens to his little red reading table, which Mr. Williams makes no less part of the show than what is to follow; then the definite and quick getaway into his story; and finally his gestures and his characterizations, which appear to be gradually evoked by the thought of characters, places, and events. He fills the clothes of the various personages with the same measured caution a man might use trying to pour a glass of water to the brim without running over.

Mr. Williams's devices are subtle and carefully synchronized with his script. When he speaks of the world of fashion, his eyelids become heavy and his eyes half closed to indicate the boredom and half-aliveness of its inhabitants. When he is about to shift to a lighter moment, he prepares for it by jauntily crossing one ankle across the other. On bringing up the subject of opium, he underlines its ominousness by slowly turning a page of his book. His delivery of Dickens's frequent sardonically comic afterthoughts are carefully controlled to avoid getting the maximum effect, probably because he knows that a series of strong but similar intonations might distort the quality of his fable. On the other hand, he uses a good scene-ending trick for all it's worth. Several times during the

Emlyn Williams—"eyes half-closed to indicate . . . half-aliveness."

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evening he builds to an exciting and rapid climax, and then lets it die slowly as the lights fade out.

Of his characterizations, the most successful are Jo, the crossing-sweeper, whose pathetic death comes more as a release than as a catastrophe; Mr. Turveydrop, the model of Deportment who is "pinched in, and swelled out, and got up, and strapped down"; Mrs. Badger, who turns her head and touches her ear ever so slightly after each remark; and the brickmaker who tells interfering Mrs. Pardiggle off, only to have her proceed with the same blind zeal to the next case on her list. Sometimes he describes a character best by using such astutely culled comments from Dickens as "Sir Leicester was not so much shocked by the fact, as by the fact being *mentioned*," or "he had a great deal to say, but not much to tell."

DELIGHTFUL as these and a score of other individual personalities are, Mr. Williams hardly has sufficient time to introduce them all, let alone explain their relationship to each other and to the plot. In giving time to the less essential if more colorful characters, he has robbed Lady Dedlock and Mr. Tulkinghorn of the dramatic weight the two most important characters of his adaptation need. This fault is, of course, partly in Dickens, who, because he wrote serially, tended to invent a great deal that was fascinating for the moment but was not permanently essential to his novel. Dickens never attempted to cut and read "Bleak House," and there is no telling whether or not he would have been able to make an adaptation any more truly dramatic than this one. What the revolutionary-minded novelist might have contributed is more vigorous anger about a social order which made everyone its victims. Mr. Williams in giving us Dickens's composure, style, and quaintness, loses some of the urgency and human fire that must have been in a Dickens performance that caused people to faint in a day when actors were yielding to their stronger feelings with less inhibition than they do currently.

The result is a performance that, despite a slight gain in unity, has considerably less movement and punch than "Mixed Bill." As a successful playwright, Emlyn Williams knows better than to crowd thirty-six colorful characters into one two-and-a-half hour script, but as a successful actor and lover of Dickens he has been unable to resist them. "Bleak House" is only occasionally good drama; it is always good acting and good Dickens. —HENRY HEWES.

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Kirk Douglas's Journey Back An Italian Repeat

—*From "The Juggler."*

Kirk Douglas a fugitive in Jerusalem—"an old land in transformation."

HOLLYWOOD in a good many of its recent and more serious movies has seemed to be preoccupied with the figure of isolation. I find myself remembering the thirteen-year-old heroine of "The Member of the Wedding," Shirley Booth's pathetic housewife in "Come Back, Little Sheba," a small Negro boy in "Bright Road." These and others have been shown making the struggle back towards togetherness. The Western movie, in fact, has made a kind of cult hero out of the lonely man who uses his guns to protect himself and the community he wishes to be part of; oddly enough, his prowess only serves to increase his alienation. Gary Cooper's frontier marshal in "High Noon" is a case in point, and so is Alan Ladd's Shane. "Shane, come back!" a small boy cries to him, but Shane can't turn back, as though it is an impossible matter for him to find the way out of himself. The pathetic figures are parading across our screen in increasing numbers and, perhaps all unwittingly, the movies are reflecting the most poignant problem of our time. **"The Juggler,"** a new Stanley Kramer Company production made almost entirely in Israel, shows us another member of the alienated breed, but this time the symbol has been deliberately chosen, the causes stated and the possible solutions to his difficulties outlined. The result is a dignified and worthwhile motion picture.

The story has come from a Michael Blankfort novel, and the author has done his own screenplay. It is a good and an eloquent one as it tells of a German-Jewish refugee, Hans Muller,

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who has found his way out of the concentration camps and finally landed as an emigrant in Israel. Perhaps the over-all purpose of "The Juggler" is to show what a land of hope and promise Israel is to hundreds of thousands of the persecuted and tortured, but this general theme is kept muted while the movie concentrates on Hans, a once successful vaudeville entertainer who has reached his personal breaking point at the moment he reaches what should have been his haven. The refugee camp is too strong a reminder of the camps he has fled, the faces of women and children bring back memories of his dead wife and child, the number tattooed on his arm still burns, a policeman who asks for his identification papers is, in his moment of fury, the S.S. man. Hans knocks him down, wounds him badly, and flees the consequences.

Kirk Douglas, who plays Hans, seems to be gaining in acting stature with each movie that he makes, and he has brought belief and intensity to a strong role. The flight is actually a hard journey back to himself and the community. Strikingly, the pursuers are not the avengers, but the friends of Hans, attempting to offer him justice and help. Along his way, Hans sees an old land in a process of transformation. He meets a friend, a boy who wants to tramp along with him, and encounters a girl of the *kibbutz*, a communal farm community. Milly Vitale, a young Italian actress, enacts the *sabra* refreshingly, even though she doesn't astound with her ability. Joey Walsh's performance as the boy, I regret to say, annoyed me, but this is one of a few small flaws that does not detract essentially from the picture's stature.

Edward Dmytryk, the director, has striven throughout for realism, but it is always the exterior scenes, those obviously photographed in actual surroundings that are the most effective. There are fine, touching glimpses of the landing of refugees, a lovely scene showing an evening celebration at the *kibbutz*. The highest moments come at the end, when Hans is at last able to admit his need, to accept the help offered him, and to make his peace with the community. Perhaps the best praise for this movie is to say that one believes Hans has found his answer.

* * *

Giuseppi De Santis is an Italian director who has a penchant for flavoring his realistic movies with pretty faces and figures. His "Bitter Rice" introduced a shapely creature called Sylvana Mangano, and his latest movie, "Rome, Eleven O'Clock," is even

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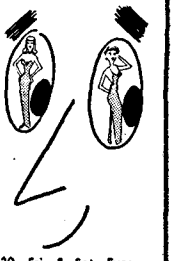

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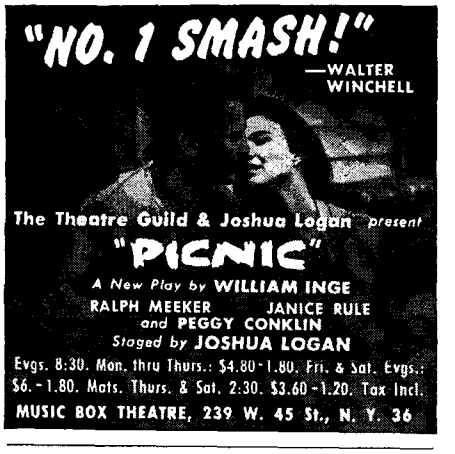
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more plentifully cast with pulchritude. Lucia Bose and Carla Del Poggio are new faces to me, but I have a hunch they will be seen on other screens at other times. There are other pretty girls crowding through this movie, literally far too many to mention. The movie, with all this embellishment, is nevertheless a grim one, and is based on an actual occurrence. About two years ago an advertisement offering a typing job appeared in a Rome newspaper and drew so heavy a response that a staircase on which the applicants were crowded collapsed and pitched many of the girls into the stairwell below. As De Santis recreates the event, one death results and several of the girls are severely injured. He manages to spare none of the gorier details in showing the happening and, in addition, has woven a pattern of sad desperation out of the lives of several of the victims.

It must be said that while De Santis does have a way of spotting the little symbolic action or gesture that makes vivid a person, his touch while doing so is not always a subtle one, and now and then approaches the obvious. There is also the heavy fact that unemployment as subject matter has been treated often in motion pictures and has by now lost whatever newness it might have possessed. De Santis, unfortunately, has really little new in the way of comment to make upon a prevailing and sorry state of affairs. During the course of the story an attempt is made to fix responsibility for the collapse of the staircase, but this turns out to be futile, since no one individual can be held responsible. It happened, and it is unfortunate. De Santis takes us little farther than that. Without a larger symbolic value the movie becomes then a kind of reportage, done very well, with feeling and warmth, but with less than optimum artistry. —Hollis Alpert.

SR Recommends

The Juggler: Reviewed in this issue.

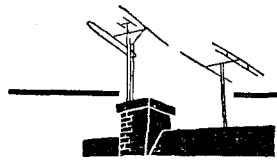
Shane: Another superior Western, with screenplay by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., a rewarding performance by Alan Ladd, and magnificent scenery by Technicolor. (*SR* May 2.)

Call Me Madam: The uninhibited Ethel Merman in an engaging movie adaptation of the Lindsay-Crouse-Berlin show. (*SR* Apr. 4.)

Lili: Waif Leslie Caron wanders into a French carnival and takes up with the puppets in a charming musical. (*SR* Mar. 7.)

Justice Is Done: A French courtroom drama which poses a haunting human problem. (*SR* Feb. 28.)

I Confess: Alfred Hitchcock conducts a victimized priest through numerous suspenseful tribulations in this thriller. (*SR* Feb. 21.)



Virtue Is Its Own Award

As it must to all men, the kiss of death came last month to Wally Cox when his delightfully gentle "Mr. Peepers" was presented with the Peabody Award for the best in television entertainment.

This is the season for all sorts of awards in the radio and television mediums, but a glance through past performances will demonstrate that most shows which win the Peabody Award lose all chance for successful and profitable survival.

It is the sneaky way this award is presented which seems to me cruel and heartless. There is no warning, there are no symptoms. A performer goes along doing his best to bring something fresh and entertaining to television or radio when suddenly out of the blue, and before he can plead his case, the hand of fate comes to rest on the head of its victim and another actor has wound up getting the finger.

At least the dozens of other awards which clutter up our sets this time of season indicate in advance to the poor actors that they have been signaled out for the honor. They can either accept it or not, and they usually do since these awards are bestowed by magazines in exchange for which they get plugs on the performers' programs. Time which costs the sponsor something like a thousand dollars a minute on television is taken out during the program for a representative of the magazine to mumble the presentation speech, following which there is the cued-in applause and the star holding the plaque or scroll in his hand offers his thanks:

"I want to thank the editors of *Television Tattles* for voting my show the best domestic situation comedy show that *NOT* not give birth to a baby during these past nine months, and I can only say that I hope I'll be as lucky again next season. And of course none of this could have been possible without the help of my writers and director and producer and all the other wonderful people who make this show possible. Thanks again to *Television Tattles* now on your newsstands with pictures of my entire cast and an interesting story of what goes on behind the scenes of our show which you the viewers make possible. Thanks again, *Television Tattles.*"

That is one method employed to present and accept the magazine awards. The other device is the surprise routine. A few nights ago, for instance, Jackie Gleason was surprised by his announcer's suddenly saying: "Jackie, somebody has been standing here in the wings and he has something for you." To which Jackie replied, "For me?"

"Yes," the announcer continued, "and I'd like to bring him out here to give it to you. He's the famous cartoonist who draws Li'l Abner, Mr. Al Capp."

Enter Mr. Capp carrying a large scroll, while Mr. Gleason tried to look bewildered. Mr. Capp explained:

"Jackie, *Television Mirror,* which my brother publishes, has decided that your show deserves an award and I have it here. Would you like to hear it?"

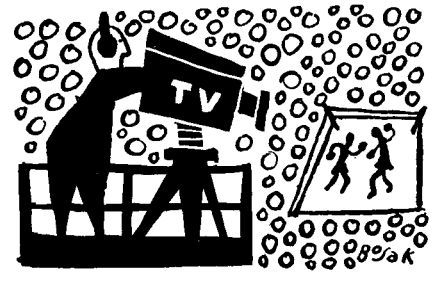
While Jackie seemed to wonder briefly whether he should chance accepting it and see another good show disappear from the air waves, Mr. Capp continued.

"You *should* hear it. It's very flattering."

And he read about a minute of high praise for the wonderful show which the editor of *Television Mirror* had decided should receive its award. Fortunately for Mr. Gleason, his show that night was pretty bad so there is no cause to fear it will be discontinued.

These lesser awards are harmless. And the actors receiving them are apprised of their fortune. It is only when the Peabody Award strikes again that the mischief seems to be done. There should be a ruling that when an award is about to be given somebody should call up the performer and ask him if he wants it. This goes for the Peabody, the Cluett, or whomever. They can't just collar a man and make him take an award!

—Goodman Ace.



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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Memorials and Gieseking's Return

THE sequence of events which brought to New York concert halls on successive evenings the first performance of the late Serge Prokofiev's Seventh (and last) Symphony, the reappearance of pianist Walter Gieseking after a wartime absence (lengthened by identification with a regime that had persecuted, ruthlessly, many of his "colleagues"), and a memorial concert for Artur Schnabel, brought some inevitable, if inconclusive, reflections on the relationship of human to esthetic values.

The durable spirit among these belonged to Prokofiev, animator of innumerable musical fancies that will stay with us for a long time to come. Yet all the good will aroused by his past achievements could not give luster to a work bearing repeated likeness to his strongest self, but weakened and debilitated either by illness or the need to conform to a governmental concept of esthetics. For all the warmth of melodic invention in the first movement, the agreeable waltz rhythm of the third, the ironic edge of the fourth, one came away with a terminal esteem for Prokofiev below the norm. However, one could hardly doubt that the case had been argued with maximum persuasiveness by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra.

In the instance of Gieseking, the values were almost wholly reversed. By the kind of studied about-face possible, perhaps, only in a democracy, the rule of thumb which had brutally excluded him a mere four years ago was now an imprimatur of respectability. The interpretation of the McCarran Act, which predicates non-acceptability in terms of Communist affiliation, makes, by illogical extension, fair game of most anti-Fascists. Since Gieseking, whatever the disclaimers of Nazi sympathy he offered at a press conference on the day after his vindication, could not be accused of anti-Fascism, it made him eminently admissible—if still gamey, in another respect.

No dearth of sympathy for the man, however, could impede a sensitory response to the art Gieseking demonstrated in performances of Mozart's A major Sonata (with the "Turkish rondo"), Beethoven's Opus 110 in A flat, and a typical assortment of Brahms, Mendelssohn, Debussy, and Ravel extended by many encores. Broad-shouldered as ever, in the literal physical pink, with the once-blond hair now wholly white and gathered in a kind of ruff above his collar, Gieseking at fifty-eight can only be measured in terms of the superlative standards of the day—namely, Horowitz and Rubinstein.

He was barely launched into the first phrases of Mozart before one was aware, anew, of the old absorbing care for detail, the inimitable way of gathering the strands of tone together as though playing directly on the strings, harplike, rather than through the difficult intermediation of keys and hammers. The only sign of miscalculation came in the vivace of the Beethoven sonata, where the dynamic values were overstressed. But it was in the same work that he reminded us of his old, legendary powers with the quietly vibrant way of making a singing line out of a succession of single notes. Thereafter it was merely a matter of how much he would perform for an audience eager for all favors.

The manifestations on behalf of Schnabel fell, curiously, between the areas of sympathy aroused by Prokofiev and Gieseking. In a large sense, Schnabel endures as a vivifier of the rock-ribbed classical repertory—Beethoven and Schubert as the nucleus, with Bach, Mozart, and Brahms as the essential extensions. Obviously no "memorial" could re-create this, save it provided a listening to Schnabel recordings. The admirable performances "in his spirit" hardly sufficed, though Clifford Curzon gave reality to the legend of Schnabel as a pedagogue with his playing of the Dvorak quintet.

Affection for Schnabel as a model of performance and a force in pedagogy was rather strained by the glimpse of his creative impulses as provided by a piano trio written in 1945. During his career as a performer Schnabel defended his classical repertory on the grounds that contemporary music did not interest him. Nevertheless, the Schnabel impulses as a composer did not merely reject the stars by which he set his course but all the rules of navigation they implied.

Measuring the factors involved it seems clear that little association with human values can be entertained when esthetics are involved. Call the conclusion dismal, dispiriting, or disillusioning, the reality admits no other.

Prokofiev's symphony is no better for the sympathy aroused by the circumstances in which it was written; Gieseking's pianistic talent is a phenomenon apart from other factors; Schnabel's music, for all its creator's rank as a man and humanitarian, does not communicate.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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and cast no trace of shadow on the sun.
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is stubborn to the end, if end there is
of dawn and dark and moony miracles.
This bread you eat was taken from the earth and ripened
in the sun, and is the stuff of such enduring praise
as mocked all prophesies but love that lived,
is living, and will come.

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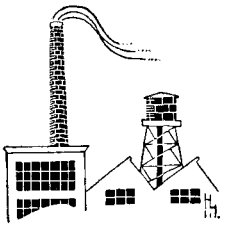
Big Business Grows Bigger



Dudley F. Pegrum,
professor of economics at the University of California at Los Angeles, considers an important book with an important topic: the revolutionary movement that has engrossed the world during the past six decades, aiming at the economic betterment of the people. The book: KENNETH E. BOULDING'S "THE ORGANIZATIONAL REVOLUTION."

SINCE about 1870, Kenneth Boulding writes in "The Organizational Revolution," there has been a worldwide increase in the number, size, and power of organizations, especially those whose activity is directed toward the economic betterment of their members. He finds that it manifests itself in five forms: (1) the rise of the labor movement; (2) the growth in numbers and power of farm organizations; (3) growth in numbers and power of professional organizations such as the American Medical Association; (4) the marked rise in the size of business enterprise and a growth in trusts and combines; (5) the great rise in the economic power of national governments. The present economic system has come, therefore, to be dominated by economic organizations.

The major part of this organizational revolution, Professor Boulding contends, is the result of improvement in the skills of organization and in the ability of organizations to grow, rather than in any *great* increase in the demand for the special needs which organizations as such serve. The main impact of this on economic life is the increasing lack of flexibility in prices. This makes the business cycle one of the two major problems of the social-democratic state. What is needed to deal with this is not a "planned" economy, but a "governed" economy with a system of public finance directed at regulating the cash surplus or cash deficit of government by an automatic tax plan. Boulding recognizes the inflation dilemma posed by a full-employment policy, but feels that the most difficult task is that of convincing people that stabilization is possible.

The greatest difficulty arising from the organizational revolution stems from "the complete failure of the social-democratic state to solve the problem of defense which threatens to suppress all its other virtues." Professor Boulding is totally opposed to "conscription," by which he must mean compulsory military training. He is correct in recognizing the threat that this poses for a democratic society, but he weakens his position by a thoroughly emotional outburst against the modern state in which he asserts that "no other organization presents the spectacle of two-facedness as does the national state" and "it is only a mild exaggeration to say that all states are the creation of their enemies." From this he concludes that, "We have reached the pass now in the development of man where there is literally almost no choice but love; where the only basis of human organization which can function is that of common concern and common need. It is on this slender foundation that the future of man must be built." He concludes that "there is no substitute for the Word of God—of truth in the prophetic individual, the penetrating moral insight that cuts through the shams and excuses of even the best-organized society."

ONE of the great needs of the time is that of integrating the vast array of knowledge and techniques for ascertaining information that are available to us today. It is Professor Boulding's aim to make a contribution to this. To achieve such a goal, the specialist must move out from the confines of his discipline to the broader social implications of it. In doing so, the specialist must establish his foundations in his own discipline so that he moves on reasonably sure ground there. He must at the same time put the ideas and information across to the other disciplines.

Professor Boulding is a highly competent economist as well as a facile and enticing writer. He fails, however, just at the point where he should have been strong. He seems to take for granted an understanding of most of the economic issues which his thesis raises and thus assumes an acceptance of the very thing which the title of his book indicates is to be demonstrated. Moreover, the economic implications of the challengeable thesis are not clearly developed. The result is that political, ethical, and religious implications are deduced from economic situations and problems which the reader can guess at only vaguely, if at all.

It is not clear to this writer what the basic issues of the organizational revolution are. Do they rest solely in the realm of political, ethical, and religious impacts and implications? Are there no fundamental economic issues? Or do we have another illustration of the oft-repeated antithesis to Marx that we could deal with our economic problems if we had a solution to the political, ethical, and religious ones?

Boulding feels that war and national conflict are the basic threats to the modern world. If this is so, then the crisis of our times should be pointed up in these terms. The effects of war on instability in the economy should be brought out because otherwise the impression is left that severe economic crises, which always brings 1929 to mind, are inherently part of the capitalist, private enterprise system and would be with us even in the absence of war.

It does not seem satisfactory to explain war in terms of the organizational revolution. The very thesis and starting point of the book would not fit this hypothesis. That being so, the bases of the present-day crisis need to be sought elsewhere. The conclusion to which Professor Boulding's analysis leads him is the result of his contention that the organizational revolution is the result of skill for and techniques of organization. This recalls one of Thorstein Veblen's famous aphorisms that "invention is the mother of necessity." This is obviously too simple a solution of the problems of cause and effect in social change.

PROFESSOR Boulding is quite correct in his position that if the state takes over the direction of economic affairs in place of the market, then we shall have failed to solve the problems of the present crisis and the democratic state will disappear. This is the real crisis of our times and is the point that needs to be made by economists.

We are in dire need of careful analysis of the economic foundations of

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democracy and of a presentation of those foundations in terms understandable to the layman. Professor Boulding essays this task, but fails because he leaves the impression that his opposition to coercion is absolute, which, in economic terms, is characterized by the traditional straw-man of laissez-faire. Just what Boulding's position is on rules of the game is impossible to tell and it is this failure to spell out his position that is the great weakness of the presentation.

The book was written to promote and make a contribution to discussion. It fills this purpose. This review is written in the same spirit. [Harper & Bros. 286 *pp.* $3.50.]

Scheme of a Conversion

Sumner H. Slichter,
Lamont University Professor at Harvard University, and author of "What's Ahead for American Business," analyzes some of the arguments for Big Business in reviewing DAVID LILIENTHAL'S *book*, "BIG BUSINESS: A NEW ERA."

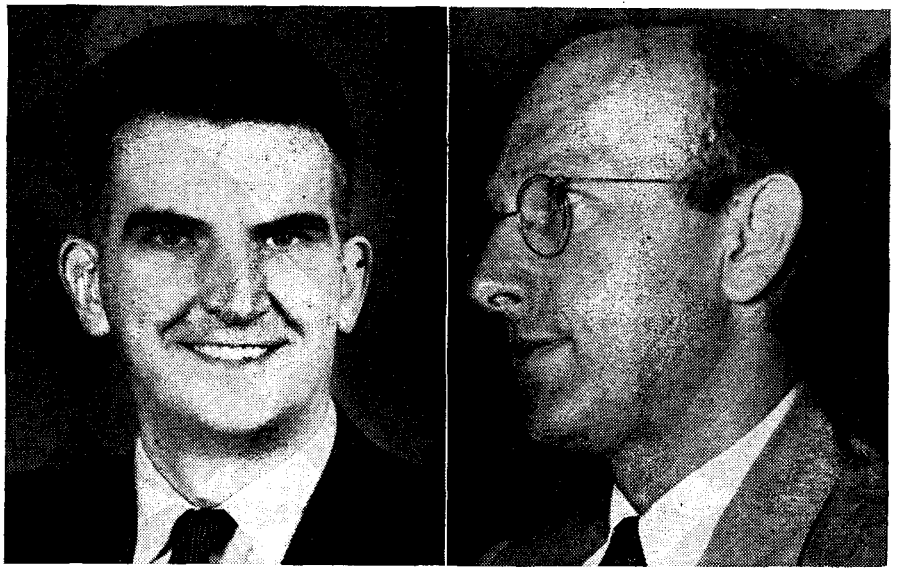
DAVID LILIENTHAL, former chairman of the TVA and AEC, believes that in the main Big Business is good not bad; that it reflects the extraordinary capacity of American businessmen to develop efficient production methods, to put science and technology to work, and to build the kind of production apparatus that takes full advantage of the big markets made possible by the country's large population and the absence of trade barriers. He thinks that our productive superiority rests upon Bigness and that it is time that we sense what an asset we have in Bigness. He concedes that Bigness has dangers—such as the concentration of economic power—but he believes that we either have adequate public safeguards against these dangers or know how to fashion them. The benefits produced by Bigness call for abandonment of latter-day interpretations of the Sherman and Clayton anti-trust laws—particularly some of the interpretations fostered by the Anti-trust Division of the Department of Justice.

All these views Mr. Lilienthal sets forth in "Big Business: "A New Era," a stimulating and refreshing book. He is right that most growth has occurred for good reasons not bad ones—not in the main by the use of unfair methods of competition, by exploitation of labor, or by the merging of competitors for the purpose of forming monopolies. Fifty years ago, it is true, there was considerable merging to create monopolies but that movement was stopped. Most business growth has occurred because some enterprises were superior in research, in production methods, in design of products, in judging the preferences of buyers. They grew because buyers, who were perfectly free to purchase the wares of rival concerns, preferred the products of some companies and made those companies grow.

Of exceptional interest are the chapters on competition. The man in the street and many economists as well believe that Bigness means restraints on competition or the absence of competition. Mr. Lilienthal knows better—that, in general, Bigness is usually the result of vigorous and successful competition and that large enterprises continue to compete vigorously even after attaining great size. Indeed, they would compete more vigorously than they do were they not fearful of being charged with attempting to monopolize the trade. Mr. Lilienthal sees that industrial research is an important form of competition, that there is growing competition between different products and processes (copper and aluminum, tin and glass, coal and oil, railroads and trucks, forging and casting), that cheaper transportation is intensifying competition. In short, Mr. Lilienthal realizes that the economy is more competitive today than in the days when markets were small, when transportation was expensive, when systematic industrial research was almost non-existent, when retail stores sold at bargained prices instead of fixed prices, and he marshals the evidence for his views. Since some economists still write books and articles on the decline of competition in the United States, Mr. Lilienthal's discussion of the rise of competition will promote understanding of the facts.

Although Mr. Lilienthal at one place asserts that our productive superiority rests upon Bigness, he is aware that the production genius of America manifests itself in small enterprises as well as in large. In a book devoted to challenging popular superstitions about "Bigness," one should not expect an extended discussion of the ways in which high productivity has been developed even where enterprises are small. There are many industries, as Mr. Lilienthal well points out, in which high productivity requires Bigness. There are also many industries, however, in which technology or market conditions produce small enterprises, or at the most, enterprises of medium size. And yet in many of these industries technological progress has been rapid. Shoes, clothing, agriculture are examples. Nor must businesses be big in order to make valuable contributions to research. In the meat packing industry, for example, excellent research has been done by concerns of medium size. Bigness is not a universal way of achieving high productivity, and under some circumstances it is a handicap. Furthermore, there are important advantages in having bigness co-exist with a large number of enterprises, as in railroading, steel, or chemicals. Such decentralization of decision-making encourages experimentation and diverse approaches to problems.

Mr. Lilienthal points out that the



Kenneth Boulding and David Lilienthal—"bigness is the result of successful competition."

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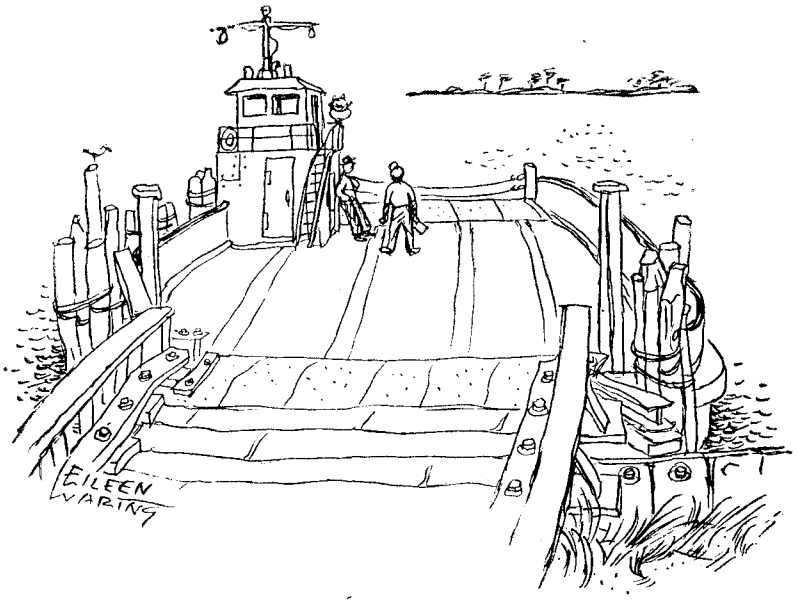
growth of Big Business has been accompanied by a rapid growth in the number of enterprises and that the business birth rate is high. It is true, however, that able and experienced young executives are not disposed to leave their promising careers in large enterprises and start businesses of their own. One cannot blame the young executives for not launching new concerns, and yet their reluctance to do so constitutes a problem for the country. The economy would be more competitive and progressive if more of the many new enterprises were started by men who were successful executives in established concerns.

Mr. Lilienthal's discussion of the interpretation of the anti-trust laws by the Anti-trust Division of the Department of Justice is excellent. He, of course, has no quarrel with the prohibition of unfair methods of competition or of agreements to fix prices, divide markets, suppress innovations. But he challenges the view that size, in and of itself, is a violation of the anti-trust laws, even though competition in fact exists. He points out that the Antitrust Division has been construing a law intended to give consumers the benefit of vigorous competition as if it were a law intended to protect some competitors from the vigorous competition of their rivals. Mr. Lilienthal is pessimistic that the courts can be persuaded not to construe success in securing a large part of the market as illegal on the ground that it is "potential monopoly." Hence, he proposes to clarify matters by a Basic Economic Act. In this Act Congress would declare that the prime concern of the country is with productivity and the promotion of an ethical and economic distribution of this productivity, and that to the extent that the Sherman and Clayton Acts are inconsistent with this Basic Economic Policy they are modified.

I am not convinced that Mr. Lilienthal's proposal is the best way to achieve his purpose. His declaration of policy could easily open the door to broad and vague charges that would subject large enterprises to time-consuming and expensive reviews of their activities by politically-minded government lawyers. A simpler solution of the problem would be insistence by the courts that the Sherman Act and Clayton Act require the showing of actual monopolistic behavior or actual restraint of trade. Is not Mr. Lilienthal unduly pessimistic concerning the courts? If his excellent book receives the attention that it deserves, the climate of opinion will be changed and the views of the courts will be changed with it. [Harper & Bros. 209 pp. $2.75.]



Our National Genius

George Soule.

lecturer in economics at Bennington College, reviews SHEPARD B. CLOUGH'S *new book outlining* "THE AMERICAN WAY."

THE phrase, "The American Way" is usually taken to mean a way of producing a higher level of material living than in any other country than the United States. If anyone has been tempted to oversimplify the process by which we have achieved this result, he will be disabused by a reading of Professor Clough's two hundred pages on the subject.

Among the essential ingredients were rich natural resources, growing industrialization, rapid technical advance in both industry and agriculture, widespread and flexible transportation, a highly developed banking system, a population neither too small nor too large consisting in large part of an efficient labor force, ambitious business management, attention to social welfare, and a number of less tangible forces. Professor Clough's passages on all these subjects are crowded with facts and figures; indeed, in ten brief chapters he succeeds in outlining a good deal of the economic history of the United States.

The French audiences who heard Professor Clough deliver the lectures which developed into this book were doubtless impressed, but did they really understand or respond in friendly fashion? Because of its extreme compression, the book seems at times like a skeleton squeezed dry of connecting tissue, blood, and humors.

Far more interesting than his bare recital of facts are the hints Mr. Clough drops about the reasons why he regards as important the achievement of material prosperity. Peaks of economic advance, he believes, have historically preceded or accompanied great intellectual, artistic, or other civilizing activity—a widely held theory which he has developed elsewhere at greater length. Because the spread of wealth and leisure offer the opportunity, America clearly has the chance to produce a great civilization. In some respects she has not done too poorly already.

Indeed, Mr. Clough goes so far as to maintain that "the fluctuating character of civilization within cultures can be explained chiefly in economic terms." If so, the future of American creative capacities would seem bright indeed. But according to the author's version of economic determinism the more distant future is not so bright, for overemphasis on non-economic matters has usually followed greatness, he holds, and so has led to decline and fall.

A review of the book in hand is not the place to discuss the underlying theory. Like most other historical generalizations it is challenging but dubious. Economics—which happens to be a specialty of mine as well, and in large part because of interest in the advancement of civilization—must, I think, be supplemented by other disciplines and perhaps absorbed among them if man is to read the riddle of the rise and fall of national greatness. [Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 246 pp. $4.]

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Latter-Day Sully

Paul J. Strayer.
*of Princeton University's economics department, considers the first six years of operation of the Employment Act, as they are reported in "*Economics in the Public Service,*" a new book by the former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers,* Edwin G. Nourse.

IN 1946 the Employment Act was passed by an overwhelming majority of the House and by a unanimous voice vote of the Senate. At the time it was widely hailed as one of the most significant acts of the period and reflected the popular demand for the assumption by the Federal Government of responsibility for positive action to prevent another depression. Dr. Edwin G. Nourse, who became chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, the body President Truman appointed under the terms of the Act, has written in "Economics in the Public Service" an authoritative account of the first six years of the Employment Act and the reasons for the decline in both its professional and popular support.

Dr. Nourse's verdict is that "The President did not in his initial appointments succeed in finding three economists of the stature needed for the task; he did not accord them the status in the Executive Office requisite for success; he did not make effective use of them or influence his official family to do so; he did not establish a confidential character for their advisory service or recognize a distinction between economic service and political involvement. The superimposing of mobilization agencies on the executive structure introduced complications that neither the guidance of the President nor the leadership of the Council were able to cope with. The general verdict seems to be "too much politics and not enough economics. So interpreted and so operated, this device of the Employment Act is at best superfluous and at worst mischievous'."

Dr. Nourse introduces his study with a brief statement of his political and economic philosophy and a valuable history of the change in the rôle of the professional economist and economic analysis in government. The bulk of the book is a narrative account of the Council of Economic Advisers in its relations with the President, the public, and Congress. A somewhat shorter concluding section contains his critical analysis of the record and recommendations for the future. Service as chairman of the Council from 1946 through 1949 permits him to draw upon his personal diary and correspondence to support his study of the record. Some of the most interesting material in the book is found in the references to conversations with President Truman and exchanges of letters and memoranda with the President.

Dr. Nourse brought to his job as chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers the respect and enthusiastic support of the professional economists of the country. But from the beginning he was frustrated in his rather naïve attempt to establish a Council which would restrict its advice to the President to purely economic issues and would remain aloof from politics. His resignation became inevitable when he found that not only was the President uninterested in matters of economic analysis but that his fellow members on the Council, Leon H. Keyserling and John D. Clark, were perfectly willing to engage in political life as it is practiced in Washington.

He fought his losing battle with dignity and maintained throughout his belief that the economist can best

serve the President by avoiding commitments on issues of political concern. The result was that during his term the Council did not prove to be of any great significance in the determination of policy on the major issues of the period, inflation, and economic mobilization. The attempt of the Council to regain the initiative after his resignation was made ineffective by the pressure of events following the outbreak of the Korean war.

This candid account of the frustration of one attempt to improve the process by which economic intelligence can be applied to the task of achieving economic stabilization within the framework of a free society is required reading for both professional and lay students of political economy. It reveals how difficult and important it is to find practical solutions to problems that unfortunately have the tendency to require the simultaneous application of economic intelligence and political wisdom if they are to be resolved. [Harcourt, Brace & Co. 511 pp. $6.]

Business Book Notes

MONEY IN OUR LIVES: Waddill Catchings, presently director of a number of corporations including Chrysler, and Charles F. Roos, president of the Econometric Institute, have pooled their experiences in an effort to explain the course of money in our economic life. The result of their labors, **"Money, Men and Machines"** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $2.50) considers briefly and in simple language why we have depressions, the Federal Reserve System, the meaning of Keynes's economic theories, and various "economy schemes."

As the authors see it, at the heart of our economic problem is the stabilization of production and unemployment. They advise that the Federal Reserve Board take better and quicker remedial actions once it feels that our economic pulse-beat is veering from the normal, encouraging the pumping of more money into our economic system or withholding it when government index numbers point to a change in the value of the dollar.

But the authors are not so naive as to suggest that merely manipulating of the volume of money and credit will effect miracles. They strongly hit at cost-of-living wage increases for their inflationary tendencies and at government tax programs that in effect raise prices, and they warn against parity-price favoritism to farmers. It is here that government, whether by Democrats or Republicans, stubs its toes. Political pressure by farm, labor, and big business blocs has made it difficult to carry out economic policies that will strike across lines of interest and benefit all consumers. Messrs. Catchings and Roos have taken the problem boldly by the horns with a lively editorial tract that deserves the attention of economics-minded readers. —Siegfried Mandel.

ECONOMICS MADE PALATABLE: Souping up textbook economics for popular consumption is rapidly becoming a vogue. The limits to which this practice can be carried and still remain this side of mayhem is demonstrated by Arthur Upgren, a Dartmouth College dean, and Stahrl Edmunds, an economist for the McGraw-Hill Company. Collaborating on **"Economics for You and Me"** (Macmillan, $4), they approach foreboding subjects with humorous abandon. "Sliding Downhill on Codfish Heads" is one picturesque way of discussing a decline in the gross national product; "The Biggest Show on Earth" appropriately characterizes the range of government spending; "Raising the Roof" quite

(*Continued on page* 40)

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Ideas on Film

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16mm Motion Picture

THE CASE OF THE FEATURE FILM

EVERY time the subject of feature films comes up in this department, a certain amount of confusion is sure to result. People who know nothing at all about 16mm. films are usually excited to learn that a number of full-length movies starring their favorite actors and actresses are available for non-theatrical public and private showings. At the same time, people who already have been putting on regular showings of 16mm. features are beginning to voice their distress at the high-handed methods of many of the 16mm. feature distributors. As more and more full-length 16mm. films are shown, the complications about renting them seem to increase proportionately.

There are two basic problems: (1) the "restricted" kind of 16mm. distribution which arbitrarily decides how, when, and where many 16mm. features may be shown; and (2) the unrestricted but "apply for rental rates" kind of distribution which sets its price on an unpublished, catch-as-catch-can scale of rates. Problem 1 applies mainly to Hollywood productions, Problem 2 to foreign films.

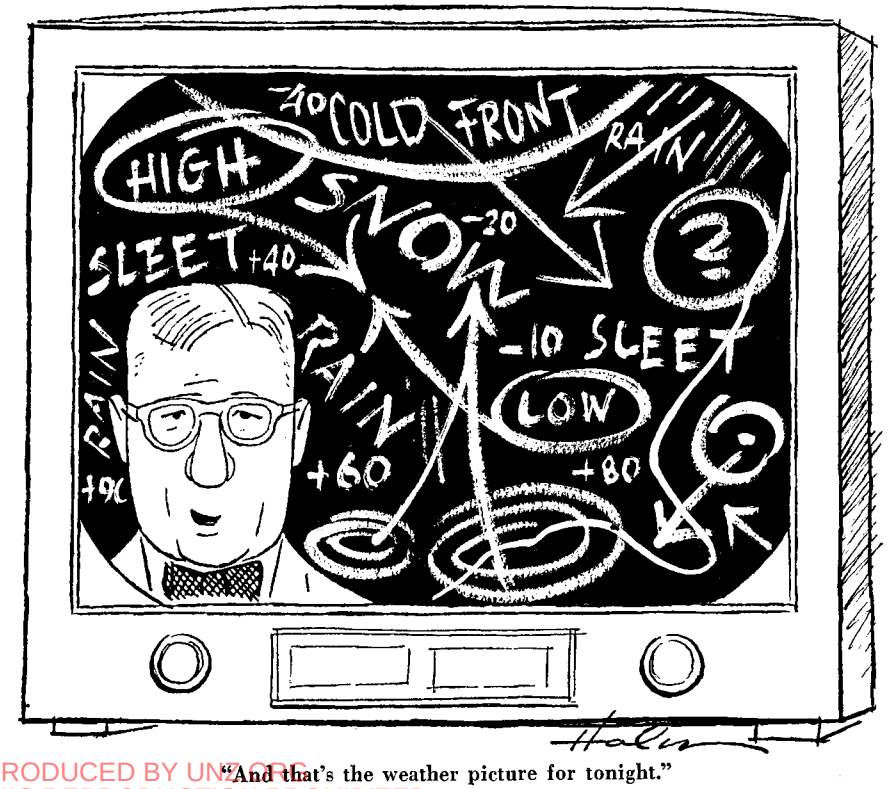
I have been complaining about one or the other of these questionable practices for some time, urged on by film-users who may have been telling me of similar grievances, particularly in the operation of film societies at colleges, museums, and churches. Now we are joined, in the first half of our predicament at least, by the United States of America, plaintiff, which, through its attorney, acting under the direction of the Attorney General of the United States, has officially complained that certain aspects of the restricted distribution of 16mm. feature films seem to amount to "combination and conspiracy in restraint of trade," thus violating the Sherman Act.

It is about time that someone tried to straighten out the mess. But the problems are complex, and it seems to me that the Government suit (which incidentally gives an interesting account of the history of 16mm. films) does not take proper cognizance of all aspects of the case. The fact is that there are about a dozen different vantage points from which one may view the confusion—and each involves its own bias. My own position in the matter is not above suspicion, my prejudices being totally directed in favor of the *unrestricted, non-commercial* showing of 16mm. motion pictures in schools, clubs, homes, museums, and every other appropriate setting. This does not mean that I favor the unrestricted, non-commercial 16mm. use of *every* 35mm. film ever made! But I do believe this: that when a Hollywood company, or any other company, chooses to release a film on 16mm., the film should be generally available for use at any and every non-commercial showing, with no strings attached. I leave it up to the company that owns the film to decide whether it will distribute on 16mm., or whether it will hold on to its film for possible theatrical re-release in another decade. I also leave to it the decision about how much time will elapse between original theatrical release and 16mm. release.

The Government's 16mm. anti-trust suit is a bit more commercial-minded in its condemnation of the current practices restricting 16mm. feature rentals. The system is generally referred to as "location approval," and under its tacit regulations some 16mm. distributors allow films to be shown only in certain locations (shut-in institutions such as jails, hospitals, convents, and the like), or at certain times (during regular class hours in the case of schools), or with the approval of local theatre owners (approvals have reportedly been revoked when a theatre owner complained that the 16mm. showing was competing with his business). It becomes essential that all this foolishness be cleared up. Certainly it is immaterial whether a company releases for non-theatrical showings or not—but it is imperative that it do only one thing or the other.

In this regard, and for the purposes served by this film department, the Government's suit is considerably helpful in revealing business practices which long have been deplored by 16mm. film users. But confusion is heaped upon confusion in the Government's failure to recognize the distinctions among the kinds of 16mm. activities. The 16mm. anti-trust suit lists, without recognizable distinction, commercial itinerant 16mm. roadshowmen, merchants' free shows, coin movie machines, and television stations as among those also affected by the "approval clause" on 16mm. rentals. In fact, the tone of the suit is directed more to these competing commercial uses of 16mm. films.

THE Government may be able to show that the defendants in the case (well-known Hollywood producing companies and 16mm. feature distributors) have conspired to withhold their films from these various competing activities. But this sort of thing is only to be expected when a product is never sold, but merely leased to the



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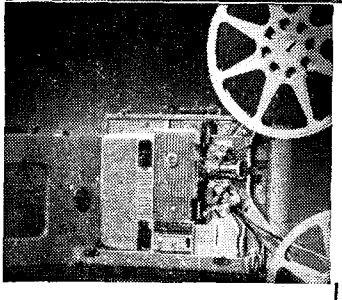

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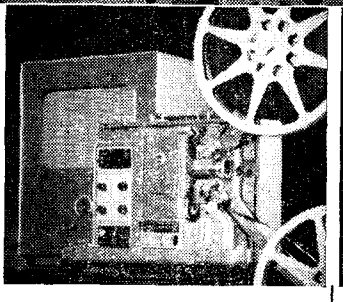

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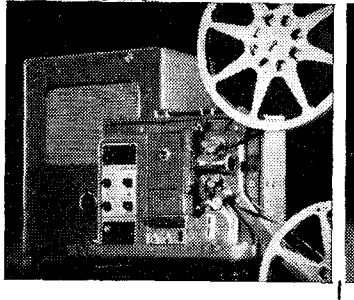

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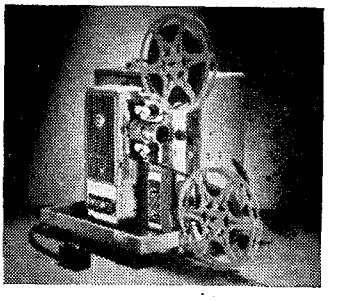

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user. Compare, for example, the history of the phonograph to the history of the motion picture. Emphasis on the former has always been to manufacture and sell the maximum number of machines and records—and competition has always been keen. Motion-picture profits, however, come only from renting seats in auditoriums, which until recently were often owned or controlled by the companies that made the movies. It would be interesting to speculate whether the motion-picture industry as we know it today could have developed if from the start it had been prevented from adopting its practice of controlling the use of its product.

WHETHER or not, the fact remains that Hollywood movies do have restricted circulation. Some, like those produced by M-G-M and Paramount, are not available in this country for any kind of showing outside recognized motion-picture theatres. Some, like RKO, Universal, Warner, and Twentieth Century-Fox productions, are released for non-commercial use relatively soon after their original 35mm. runs, but the restrictions are so unpredictably applied that I have never been able to convince myself that the films are really "available" for 16mm. showing. For that reason, I seldom even mention the titles in these columns. But the films are shown; the Government suit indicates that one of the 16mm. distributor-defendants has a customer list of over 14,000 "approved" non-commercial names and locations.

I must state again that the only fair way to distribute films is to set a reasonable price for non-commercial showings and stick to it for everyone who qualifies as non-commercial. This ought to include all schools, museums, Y's, churches, civic groups, and other non-profit organizations—even when they charge a moderate admission fee to raise money for some cause which is significant to them. But there is no reason why it should include merchants' free shows, which are sponsored by business and advertising interests and certainly offer unreasonable competition to movie theatres, which have rent and payrolls to meet. It cannot automatically include commercial 16mm. roadshowmen and coin movie machines, which should have a go at renting the films, provided they pay considerable more for them than a non-commercial school or church is asked to pay. And certainly there is no license for television stations to rent 16mm. films except at a rate of pay equivalent to the estimated total audience on which their advertising rates are based. Then, too, there are various distinctions between the kinds of television stations and programs which require special consideration: commercial television for non-sponsored programs, commercial television for sponsored programs, and non-commercial educational television. Without clarifying these differences, the Government's suit does potential damage to the strength of its case. After all, a film is not the same as a newspaper or a pair of shoes. It suffers very little deterioration in use, and its economic value is inherent only in the numbers of people who see it at one sitting. For that reason a film rented on 16mm. to a school audience of 100 at $25 might reasonably be rented to a television station at $25,000—for an audience of 100,000.

THIS brings us to the second part of the current 16mm. feature film problem—the vanishing rental-price listing. Once you saw it, now you don't! For this the Government seems to have little or no concern, since the matter does not involve conspiracy, merely piracy. There was a time when every 16mm. feature catalogue listed the rental price after the title of each film. Once in a while there would be two prices: one for showings where admission or subscription charges were made, and one where the film was to be shown entirely free of charge to the viewers. But any price listing at all is rare today.

It is true that the upswing in "apply for rental rates" notices has an important positive aspect. By charging on a sliding scale, according to size of audience and income from each 16mm. showing, it is possible to return higher income to the original owner of each film, and therefore it is easier to get films into non-theatrical circulation reasonably soon after their theatrical release. Such a scale of rental fees is not to be objected to, but it is imperative that the film-using public be notified, preferably in print, as to the range of prices and the circumstances under which each price becomes applicable to a potential renter.

As it is, I get the feeling that the distributor often bases his estimate on what he thinks he might be able to collect—and if you are bold enough to object, he is willing quite often to reduce the price rather than lose a customer. This is not the kind of business practice to make for a thriving 16mm. industry. The solution is to object vigorously, without yielding a cent until rental fees are brought into line.

This will have to take care of the problems for a while. With the users complaining and the Government suing, something interesting ought to happen. And whatever it is, it can only be better than the situation before us now. The best I can imagine would be the freest circulating of all films through all media—commercial movie houses, non-commercial 16mm. showings, and television—with rentals proportionate to the size of audience. I suspect that the surprising result would be more films seen by more people, more money returned to the producers, and healthier planning and practices among the various distributors.

—CECILE STARR.

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16mm. NEWSNOTES

THOSE wonderful Disney nature featurettes are one by one being made available to 16mm. audiences. "Seal Island" (27 min., color), the first of the series, can be rented at $10 per showing for unrestricted non-commercial use through the various offices of Ideal Pictures, Association Films, and other 16mm. libraries.

"Beaver Valley" (32 min., color) and "Nature's Half Acre" (33 min., color) are now being rented to a variety of nature clubs, museums, public libraries, religious institutions, and the like, through the twenty-one

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RKO film exchanges in major cities. Further information, including the address of your nearest source, is available from the 16mm. Dept., RKO Radio Pictures, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y.

Another outstanding animal adventure film, "Savage Splendor" (60 min., color) is being given similar 16mm. distribution by RKO. Rental is $25—and quite a bargain considering this is one of the most expertly photographed African wildlife films ever made.

* * *

Contemporary Films, at 13 E. 37th St., New York 16, N.Y., is now exclusive 16mm. distributor for Flaherty's "Man of Aran" (70 min.) and Michael Powell's "Edge of the World" (70 min.). Each rents for $25. "The Titan," that remarkable Michelangelo film, is offered at $60 rental, with additional complications where admission charges are made. A brand-new and very attractive catalogue of feature and short films is available for the asking.

* * *

Brandon Films, at 200 W. 57th St., New York 19, N.Y., is adding to its feature film collection at rapid-fire rate—some excellent, some good, and some not-so-good. Among its more recent and eye-catching titles are De Sica's "Bicycle Thief" (87 min.), Delannoy's "God Needs Man" (95 min.), Rosellini's "Open City" (103 min.) and "Paisan" (115 min.). A new rental policy is in effect for these films and most of the other new ones, depending upon data supplied by the film-user concerning size of audience and whether admission is charged.

* * *

A hundred or more feature films, made in Mexico and elsewhere, are available on 16mm. for Spanish-speaking and Spanish-learning groups from Clasa-Mohme, Inc., 2019 So. Verment Ave., Los Angeles 7, Calif. A few have English sub-titles, as for example "Rio Escondido," starring Maria Feliz with photography by Gabriel Figueroa, and "Subido al Cielo," directed by Luis Bunuel. Catalogue available upon request.

* * *

Film societies and would-be film societies can take heart that at last a coordinated effort will be made to supply them with advice and information under the auspices of a national organization. James L. Limbacher is to be the director of the new film society project at the Film Council of America, 600 Davis Street, Evanston, Illinois, and all film groups eager to air their problems, offer suggestions, or simply have their noses counted are urged to write to Mr. Limbacher at the FCA headquarters. —C. S.

The Film Forum

FEATURE-LENGTH FACT AND FICTION

The Saturday Review's Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films

DAY OF WRATH. *Distributed by Trans-World Films, 64 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill. (97 min.; in Danish, with English sub-titles)*

This story of seventeenth-century witchcraft in Denmark, as filmed by that country's master craftsman Carl Dreyer, shows a use of cinema skills that is powerful, mature, intricate, and unquestionably unique. The film pursues the enigma of punishment and guilt, accuser and accused, judges and judged—in as solemn and fugue-like a way as its title would imply.

The major character is Absolom Pedersson, self-righteous middle-aged pastor; and around him are his attractive young second wife, his handsome grown son of a former marriage, his dogmatically severe elderly mother, an accused witch whose execution he recommends, and his colleagues and fellow townspeople. Dreyer makes much over the composition of each scene. In the interior sets, costumes, and lighting, for example, he exploits whiteness and blackness and angularity to the fullest, while for the lyrical outdoor scenes he uses shadow, sunshine, and space.

The film moves with extreme slowness, particularly in the painful episodes—but I found it so entirely absorbing that I can give it nothing but the highest recommendation.

THE GOLDEN TWENTIES. *Produced by the March of Time. Distributed, for purchase only, by McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y. For rentals, consult nearby SR Film Libraries.* (68 min.)*

There is endless fascination in this compilation of newsreel shots recapturing the era between World War I and the great crash. Just about everyone you can think of is shown: in sports, Babe Ruth, Bill Tilden, Bobby Jones, Helen Wills, Tunney, Ederle, Weismuller, Dempsey, Rockne; in entertainment, Will Rogers, Irene Castle, Al Jolson, Caruso, Whiteman, Gershwin; in politics, Coolidge, Wilson, Hoover, Bryan, Harding, Al Smith, and Jimmy Walker; and among other notable personalities, Lindbergh, the Prince of Wales, General Pershing, Al Capone, Henry Ford, and about twice as many others whose names are equally significant for the time.

Adult groups are bound to enjoy this panorama of by-gone days, while it is likely that young people will find it both amusing and educational.

LA REGLE DU JEU. *Distributed by Trans-World Films, 64 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill. (84 min.; in French, with English sub-titles)*

This film, written and directed by Jean Renoir, and in which he plays a large supporting role, is a story of marital fidelity and infidelity among the outworn upper classes of France in the Thirties, repeated on a lower level in the flirtations and jealousies of the servants. It is, in a sense, a tragedy of manners.

A number of the scenes are truly impressive: the opening shots of a frenzied welcome given a young aviator-hero; the hunt in which the marquis and his house guests shoot rabbit and quail which an army of smock-clad servants have beaten out of their woodland hiding places; the evening's entertainment during which a number of unstaged emotional scenes are played; and finally the solemn return to the chateau after the aviator has been shot and killed—the most innocent member of two interlocked triangles.

The sound track on the print I saw was abominable, but despite this the film is gripping and has brilliant moments of levity and of depth. Since few theatrical showings of the film have been given in this country, "La Regle du Jeu" (The Rules of the Game) is an especially interesting item for film societies and study groups. Again, you must apply for rental rates.

KAMERADSCHAFT (1931). *G. W. Pabst's famous film about a mine disaster near the Franco-German border following World War I. Distributed by Trans-World Films, see above. (74 min., in French and German, with English sub-titles)*

THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER (1941). *Based on the Stephen Vincent Benét story, the film goes a long way to prove that Daniel Webster could win an argument against anyone, including the devil. Directed by William Dieterle; starring Walter Huston and Simone Simon. Available for 16mm. purchase from Astor Pictures, 130 W. 46th St., New York, N. Y. For rentals, consult nearby commercial 16mm. libraries. (90 min.)*

THE SOUTHERNER (1945). *A vivid story of tenant farming in an impoverished section of the South, in which Jean Renoir has directed Betty Field, Zachary Scott, and Beulah Bondi in their best motion picture performances. Available for rental from Emperor Films, 330 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y., and from many other feature film libraries. (90 min.)*

A WALK IN THE SUN (1946). *Lewis Milestone's gripping production of the Harry Brown novel gives a platoon's-eye view of a beach-head invasion of Italy. Starring Dana Andrews and John Conte, with an ineptly "folksy" ballad opening and closing the film but doing little if any damage to its inner structure. Available for rental from Association Films, 347 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. (120 min.)*

—CECILE STARR.

*For rentals consult the list of *SR* Film Referral Libraries, available at 10c a copy from Film Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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BUSINESS

(*Continued from page 35*)

naturally is a discussion of our housing situation: "We Owe it to Ourselves" could be nothing else than an explanation of the public debt. If economics had been taught this way in high school perhaps we would have more economists by vocation now and perhaps less of a need for books of this kind to spoon-feed and coax the general reader into acquiring information that is vital to his understanding of the mechanism of the society in which we live. The ingenuity displayed in explaining the fundamentals of economics does not mar the soundness of the author's views. In fact, some people might even change their mind about economics being the "dismal science" after curling up with this book. —S. M.

ECONOMICS AND ETHICS: At times the economist's aspiration to scientific objectivity has led to self-conscious avoidance of "value judgments" or ethical considerations, sometimes at the risk of admitting unconscious bias when social issues are involved. The Federal Council of Churches has sought to bring this uneasy alliance between economics and ethics into the open by sponsoring a series of studies of these related fields. The first volume of the series, edited by A. Dudley Ward, **"Goals of Economic Life"** (Harper, $4) contains much that is familiar, little that is new, but some that is exceedingly well stated.

Some of the contributions, such as the excellent essay by Walton Hamilton, come to grips forcefully and clearly with one of the basic issues of American democracy: the inability of our market economy, even with current government controls, to distinguish between public and private interest and to provide a sure means of safeguarding the former. Although all of the contributors seem to accept the view—at least implicitly—that the operation of the American economy does not adequately reflect Christian standards, some of the essays tend to depreciate this feature of our economic life by strong emphasis upon the desirability of attaining efficiency in the conflict between efficiency and equality.

On the whole, the area of agreement among the contributors seems sometimes confined to extremely broad surface issues, and there are few definite statements of just what the goals of economic life are or what it is thought they should be. As a result, those who expect to find "final truths" of either economics or ethics in this study will be disappointed, but those who are willing to search for their own answers will find themselves among helpful coworkers. —L. G. HINES.

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY: Today we own about forty million cars, spend one out of every five retail sales dollars on automotive goods and services, and burn up more than thirty-two billion gallons of gasoline a year. Twenty years ago this would have been passed off as science-fiction, but today we take our phenomenal mobility as a matter of fact. In the shaping of this picture, the Ford Motor Company has played a more than substantial part and it takes occasion on its anniversary to give itself a deserved pictorial and textual pat on the back with the publication of **"Ford at Fifty"** (Simon & Schuster, $2.95). An array of photographer-talent, including Philippe Halsman, a large crew of writers, and special book production with endpapers by Artzybasheff combine to create a visual treat for readers. The text and handsome photographs, mostly in color, cover every phase of Ford's industrial activities and provide a general background history of the company. For obvious reasons the historical passages do not mention the period in which it lost competitive ground as a result of Henry Ford dicta like "You can have any color Ford you want as long as it's black." But it does stress the firm's concern for constantly improving of human relations in industrial production, its philosophy and practice of decentralized and incentive management, and other key improvements that came with Henry Ford II's ascendancy. In that respect the Ford story is typical of the strides made in our contemporary era of big business. —S. M.

RISKY FUTURE: The world of tomorrow —unless mankind splits its atoms carelessly—will be largely an extension of the developments of the past and present. At least it is on this assumption that a group of distinguished physical and social scientists, under the editorship of Lyman Bryson, have collaborated on **"Facing the Future's Risks"** (Harper, $4). The occasion for the collaboration, and the justification for the predominantly historical approach to the various topics, is the two hundredth anniversary of Benjamin Franklin's founding of the first mutual insurance company.

The job of surveying the changes since Franklin's time in such areas as government, the economy, population, the physical and social sciences, the position of women in society, and the special role of insurance, has left

little time for other than hasty glances forward. But some of these forward glances are both fascinating and grisly.

As one might expect, the predictions of the physical scientists are certainly the most forthright and awesome. We are on the threshold of great change: automatic controllers are nearing perfection that can be substituted for any routine occupation which can be fully specified. Indeed, except for acts of imagination or genius, there are few tasks such "information machines" cannot theoretically perform faster and better than the human being. On the other hand, the detonation of 10,000 atom bombs anywhere in the world would so fill the earth's atmosphere with radioactive dust that most life would probably be eliminated. For the first time in history, mankind has within its grasp the power to end history. No risks of the future can compete with this possibility.

—L. G. H.

THE FACTS OF LIFE: From official government sources we learn that the American consumer has more money in his pocket than ever before in our history. Contrary to popular notions, we spend proportionately less of our dollar for basic necessities than in the past—figures in the latest Consumer Price Index prove that. The twenty-two items a family in 1919 counted as of great importance are but drops in the bucket when we consider the 300 items that the Bureau of Labor Statistics considers vital in obtaining a picture of how we are spending our money today. The variety of our spending on goods —from nylons to streptomycin—and our spending for services—from plumber's to doctor's fees—is nothing short of amazing. Since more of our dollar is going for non-basic items, opportunities for obtaining security, education, and recreation have become realities. For example, where twenty-five years ago only a third of our people held life insurance policies, more than 75 per cent hold them now.

All this means that our budgeting problems require adept handling. In this province J. K. Lasser and Sylvia F. Porter, two popular money-saving experts, are especially competent, as their information-crammed book **"Managing Your Money"** (Holt, $4.95) graphically demonstrates. Rent, taxes investment, saving, social security credit buying, and a variety of other everyday concerns are intelligently and intelligibly discussed. —S. M.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

NOTES ON THE MARGIN OF AN AIRPLANE TICKET

PARIS AND SPRING: It happened by the merest chance that the spring and I arrived together in Paris this year, and we were equally glad to be there. I had come in the night from across the Channel, where an ordinary spring was biting through the topcoats of Americans and reaching their bones, leaving the English in their suits and bowlers, their top coats in their closets, not a whit disturbed beyond their catarrh, which is expected, accepted, and seasonal. Somewhere in the dark night I had to get up and swing open the full French windows to let the mildness in. You could put your bare foot on the stone of the tiny terrace outside the window without it growing cold, and you could look up at the Vendôme with the moon coming down on Napoleon's head on top of the column. No one stirred the checkerboard of lights and darkness along the Rue Castiglione, and the moon was wasting itself on the gold-tipped spikes of the Tuileries.

By morning the spring warmth was sending waves up from the pavement, and like an old dancer Paris responded to the familiar music with the old routine. The tables grew like sudden moss on the rocks of the pavement outside the cafes. The lovers embraced in noonday passion on a bench in the Louvre quadrangle. The lovers embraced in noonday passion under an arch at the Rue de Rivoli. The crescents of yellow flowers at the Rond Point burst into new moons of butter. The caged birds in the *oiselleries* along the Quai de la Mégisserie were hung outside to chirp in the sun and to behold the Seine, just over the embankment. The strange klaxon moaned with an urgency and a wagon of *pompiers* hustled off to extinguish a fire in their splendid silver helmets. Goats were pulling carts full of youngsters in that little fringe of park that runs up the Champs from the Concorde.

On the Rue du Faubourg St.-Honoré three exquisite ladies in the drapery of the *haute couture* were saying goodbye after lunch. Two sat in a low roadster, the top pulled back. The third ambled off with the timid steps that are required by a hobble skirt. "Call us if you have nothing better to do," cried the girls in the car, "and if you do, bring it along." Along the Champs, Paris was walking twelve abreast, topcoats on arms. An ancient *boulevardier* cocked his black homburg over one profuse eyebrow, and held his hearing aid in his hand, and through the wires up to his hairy ear came the pronouncements of the season just arrived.

PARIS VIA LE TOUQUET: Anybody sitting in England with an automobile, a bicycle, a horse, or a hankering to get to Paris a new way ought to have a chat with le seelvair seetee hairwaiz, or—as it is known in Britain—Silver City Airways. These gentlemen fly bloated Bristol Freighters back and forth across the Channel between Lympne and Le Touquet, Gatwick and Le Touquet, and Southampton and Cherbourg. Lympne is near Folkestone, Gatwick is twenty-eight miles out of London, and I guess everyone here knows about Southampton. Anyway, this system gives you a chance of seeing a little of the countryside between London and Paris and it is also cheap.

If you are a dismounted traveler you can take the bus from Victoria Station in London to Lympne (67 miles) for $1.40. The fare in the air ferry for pedestrians or those with simple bicycles is $6.30. A second-class train ticket, Le Touquet to Paris, is $3.64, bringing the whole crossing to $11.34. Bicyclists and hitch-hikers who don't have to worry about train and bus fares can do it for well under $10. Even Gertrude Ederle couldn't have done it for less.

I hitched down from London in a scarlet Minicar the other day, the only car I've ever been in where I had to look up to watch the motorcycles go by. The Minicar was only going as far as Lympne, for which *grâce à Dieu*, and I was invited to ride from Le Touquet to Paris, a matter of 120 miles, in a fat black Jaguar being delivered to a potentate in Paris. The Bristol Freighter zoomed into the airport, opened the giant maw of its front cabin, and spit out a pair of cars, an assortment of bikes, and twelve people. The Jaguar was driven right into the nose of the plane, and a Ford, an assortment of bikes, and twelve people followed. In exactly twenty minutes

—*United Press.*

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we had landed in France, and the Jag was heading like a homing pigeon for the Arc de Triomphe.

Soon le seelvair seetee hairwaiz is putting in three-decker car ferries which will carry eight cars, five motorcycles, and forty-two passengers. Shortly after that they will bring the mountain to Mohammed.

As a comparison I crossed on the upholstered route too, coming back to London on *The Parisian,* the noonday luncheon flight put on by British European Airways. Here you fly new Elizabethans, a big boxy aircraft with the body slung under the wing so you have an unlimited view and can see, on occasion, both coasts at the same time. This requires a clear day and a slightly astigmatic condition. A procession of cocktails, aperitifs, and splits of champagne starts almost immediately, leading the passengers to participate in a rousing chorus of "The Last Time I Saw Paris, my view was blurred with wine," virtually before the French coast had passed beneath us.

PARIS AND THE SEWERS: In the interests of getting beneath the surface of foreign countries, I have paid a visit to the sewers of Paris, long a popular locale for authors and scenarists, but overlooked by tourists. Too long the visitors have been taking the *bateaux-mouches* along the Seine, the elevator up to the Eiffel Tower, the cab to the Folies-Bergère. Now there are tours of the sewers by boat through the "Les Misérables" country, where previously all but Jean Valjean and Orson Welles have feared to tread.

The sewer season not having begun in Paris, a special excursion under the sidewalks was arranged by Mme. Cerisier, a chic blonde lady of the French Government Tourist Office, and M. Balay of the Service des Egouts de Paris. An égout is a sewer. The party was joined by M. Max Blouet, the manager of the ultra-elegant Hotel George V, who wanted to see how the extreme other half lives.

Mme. Cerisier was the first to inhale. "I all-weez get some dut—ee lak zis," she said as we climbed down a manhole. "Why do I not get zee journaleests who weesh to visit Dior's?"

"Ah, Dior's," said M. Blouet wistfully, thinking he should have stood in his lobby inhaling Femme de Rochas, Arpège de Lanvin, or even fromage de Rocquefort. M. Balay ignored these aspersions and told us that the sewers of Paris are 950 miles long and have 250 miles of branch systems. Paris is the only city in the world in which you can walk through the entire sewer network. The first covered sewers were installed in the time of Charles V along the Rue Montmartre, in 1370 not that Montmartre needed it more than any rue in town. Things have improved a lot since then, and now there is a pneumatic tube for mail, a pipe for drinking water, a pipe for non-potable water, and cables for phones and telegraph. The gas and electricity people have had to dig their own hole.

After this orientation, each of us took a lantern and promenaded along a three-foot ledge, twenty feet under the Bd de Sébastopol. We knew it was the Bd de Sébastopol because there are sign markers under the streets and there are numbers under the houses too. Then we passed into an area where the water runs in a great torrent and M. Balay said to walk carefully because the canal was now eight-feet deep. An attendant walked alongside us carrying a long boat hook in case anybody went over the side. Up ahead somebody was whistling "You're Too Dangerous, Chérie." "You whistling, Max?" I called. "Whistling hell," said M. Blouet, "I'm watching where I'm go-

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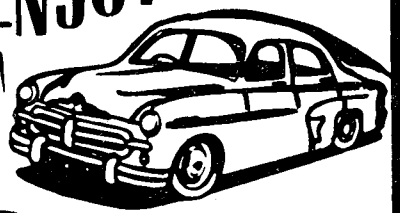

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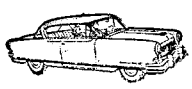

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ing." "I weesh I was in Dior's," said Mme. Cerisier.

"Or even outdoors," said M. Blouet.

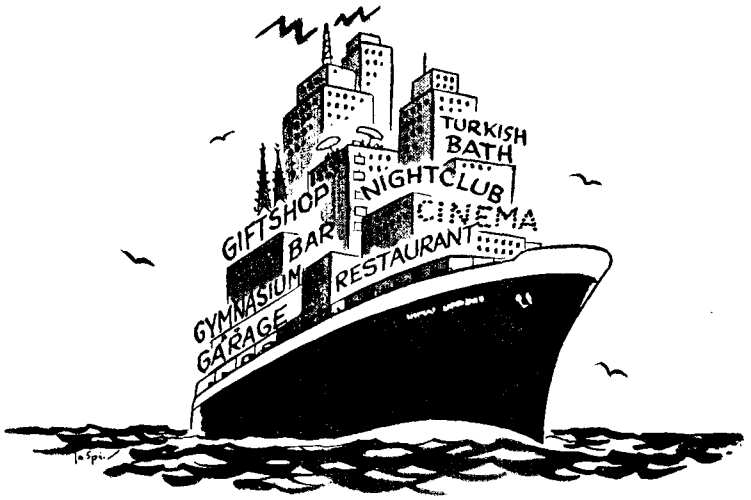
PARIS AND COGNAC BROWN: Somebody has talked somebody into painting the Eiffel Tower "cognac brown." Nobody is painting it with a tub of V.S.O.P., mind you; that is merely the name of the color. If anybody tries to lick a girder the taste will be more Sherwin Williams than Courvoisier. Painting the Eiffel Tower will require two years and thirty-five tons of paint. The job has been started at the top, which will be golden cognac brown. The middle will receive a darker shade and the bottom half will be darker still. From a distance it will all look like golden cognac brown except to those who have been sampling golden cognac, in which case it will look like three Eiffel Towers.

—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELER'S TALE

THE CONTINENT BY CAR: An educator, Donald Hart, Jr., who conducts the Crow's-Nest trips to Europe, has written of the advantages of seeing the other side in the comfort of your own car in a book with the singularly apt title **"Europe in Your Car"** (Harian Publications, $1). The first half of this paperbound, coat-pocket volume, is given over to the things most guide books indulge in—language terms with the accent on cars, food, suggested clothes to bring, some pointers about etiquette for driving—including the intelligence that blowing one's horn will bring arrest in Luxembourg. Mr. Hart wastes a page on definitions of shipboard terms—explaining what a deck is, which end of the ship is the stern, and what is a cabin. After all! There is a list of the author's own favorite restaurants and hotels all over Europe, which is a rather helter-skelter collection, some expensive, some cheap, and certainly with no intention of being complete. Part II is a model road trip through Europe starting, for reasons that escape me, in Antwerp, then to Brussels, Paris, across the Channel to London, and back across again to Tours, and so on across the Continent. All this can be done in the manner specified for $1,450 if you travel on the Dutch ships, if four people share the costs, if you can live on $10 a day, etc. It is all pretty specialized information but it is full of inside tips. Sample: "Henry Koppelaar, who lives at Kortenaerkade 6 in Alkmaar, is a businessman who volunteers his services to guide foreign tourists around the town on Fridays."

—H. S.



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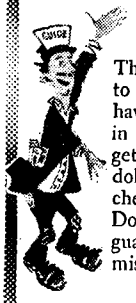

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THE LIBERAL ARTS AT MID-CENTURY

(*Continued from page 10*)

economic resources to meet that need. The prospect is already causing young men and women of talent and ability to shun the teaching profession for more profitable employment. Add to these facts the fascination with science that prevails in Britain as it does here; economic insecurity that drives young people into vocational training or forces their parents to pull them out of school or keep them out of college to exploit their earning power; the fear of war and the demands of military service; and a generally materialistic, here-today-and-gone-tomorrow outlook on life, and you can see what the traditional homes of the liberal arts—Oxford, Cambridge, the Scottish universities, and the English public schools—are confronted with. It begins to sound familiar, doesn't it?

IN Germany, as might be expected, these conditions are many times worse. The liberal arts underwent a new Dark Age under Hitler. Then they suffered the ravages of war. Today, after a quarter century of adversity, a few valiant souls are trying to revive them amid the rubble of bombed-out schools and universities, overrun by refugees from the Eastern Zone, with little or no money for books and not much more for teachers' salaries. The great German system of secondary and higher education that so much impressed the world in the nineteenth century, with all its faults and virtues, is a thing of the past. With its regimentation and fierce specialization it was none too friendly to the liberal arts anyway. If good is to come from what is left of it—and I say this with humility—it will be because we give decisive support to the German scholars who have found in our conception of the liberal arts an element that was lacking in their national educational system and who are now striving against great odds to include that element in their plans for educational reconstruction.

In France the liberal arts prosper more by reputation than in reality. Although they continue to occupy an important place in French secondary education, this sphere of influence is limited. The weeding out process begins early in French education and admits only the more gifted student to liberal arts students in the first place. Among these few the same tradition of specialization in higher education as used to prevail in Germany and the same demand for scientific and vocational training as exists in Britain militate against the liberal arts in the universities. In an effort to counteract these trends, the national universities have instituted a year of general education (*propédeutique*) in which students are encouraged to continue the liberal arts studies of the *lycées* before entering upon their professional studies. This is all very well as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. I was told quite frankly by members of the French Ministry of Education in Paris that students were exercising all their native powers of ingenuity to anticipate their professional studies instead of taking advantage of the purpose for which the new year was intended.

To find the small minority of French students who qualify for liberal arts work seeking ways to avoid or circumvent it is not an encouraging sign. Moreover, France is in the grip of an inflation that makes it necessary for university professors to take on other work, often semi-skilled or even unskilled in nature, in order to afford to continue their teaching and research and at the same time support their families. Worst of all, the French are assailed by neurotic moods, finding expression alternately in bravado and fatalism and the synthesis of the two in the bleak philosophy of existentialism. We can no more count on France to save the liberal arts than we can count on Germany.

What, then, are we doing to discharge the portentous responsibility that devolves upon ourselves. I have begged my own question. I have said we were neglecting it. I repeat that statement, and I challenge anyone with first-hand knowledge of the curricular practices prevailing generally throughout our secondary schools, colleges, and universities to deny it. With all due apologies and exceptions, and all honor to those exceptions, neglect is a conservative diagnosis.

I have at various times tried to state the reasons for this neglect only to find myself bogged down in explanation. I have tried and failed to account for our national confusion of values that honors Shakespeare as a cultural symbol, but when it comes to studying his plays in school, or even reading them for enjoyment, equates them with bookkeeping and decides in favor of bookkeeping. Somehow or other the liberal arts have acquired the reputation of a luxury, not a necessity, a privilege for the gentleman of leisure but a doubtful asset, even a waste of time, to the working man.

HISTORICALLY, there is some reason for this conception. Although Plato considered the liberal arts essential in the training of the ideal citizen, we must remember that Plato's ideal citizen was a "guardian," the member of a small ruling caste that presided over a fundamentally undemocratic society resting upon a foundation of slavery. Thus when the Greeks proclaimed the liberal arts to mean the arts becoming to a free man, they really meant a privileged man, a man of property and leisure, for only he was truly free in Greek society.

The same was generally true in the Middle Ages, when the liberal arts were revived and infused into Western civilization by the first universities. In those day European and English society resembled Athenian society —not Plato's totalitarian blueprint of it, but its actual structure of caste and class. Within this structure economic conditions as well as social philosophy put fetters on all but a small handful—aristocrats, clergy, and indigent scholars—who could benefit from the arts becoming to a free man. Thus the liberal arts became identified as a privilege for the few rather than an opportunity for the many, and this tradition dies hard both in Britain and in Europe.

What truth does it hold for us in the United States? None. We rejected it at the outset. In American history, in the light of our national ideals and the first principles of our democracy, it is heresy. The cardinal principle of our whole democratic government, society, and way of life is equal opportunity. Nothwithstanding the limitations imposed upon them by the political philosophy of Plato or the economic and social conditions prevailing in ancient Greece or medieval France and England, intrinsically the liberal arts have been recognized and sought after for two thousand years as the richest educational opportunity of the ideal citizen—as the stimulus and discipline of the mind that best fits it for individual responsibility, that gives it the greatest general competence upon which to draw for the specific competence required in any

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calling, any profession or vocation, any duty of a citizen in a self-governing society.

It follows, does it not, that the freer the society, the greater the responsibilities it imposes upon the individual citizen and the greater these responsibilities, the greater that citizen's need for the help of the liberal arts? Shall we then deny this help to the students in our schools and colleges to whom we promise equal educational as we do equal social opportunity? To do so would be to go back on our own first principles, on our first educational laws and institutions.

These laws and institutions were conceived in the spirit of the democracy that we find it so hard to describe today, a spirit that places the man ahead of his calling, that seeks to expand to the utmost the only true source of virtue and intelligence in society, not just our society but any society, the conscience and mind of the individual. This is our secret weapon in the cold war. This is the unspoken message we have to convey to our friends. This is what a powerful revival of the liberal arts in our schools and colleges could make available to our world before it is blown to bits or buried in dust and in the hands of the archeologists.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

PROSE, POETRY, AND PRESCRIPTIONS

The combination of literature and medicine is as old as Apollo himself, wherefore Nan Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, asks you to identify ten writers originally trained as physicians and surgeons. Six correct answers show you are holding your own, seven mark you convalescent, and eight or better signify a complete cure. Answers on page 48.

1. Author of picaresque novels and humorous satire, this "choleric Philistine" served as surgeon in the Royal Navy (West Indies) and afterward in London before receiving his medical degree from a college in Aberdeen.

2. Classicist, poet, composer and musical theorist, "musicks and poesies stout Champion" had studied at Peterhouse, Cambridge, become a member of Gray's Inn, and studied medicine abroad before practicing in seventeenth-century London.

3. Germany's greatest dramatist, he began inauspiciously as surgeon in a Württemberg regiment, went AWOL (1780) to witness his first play ("Die Räuber"), and was condemned to publish nothing but medical treatises.

4. Professor of anatomy at Montpellier, city physician at Lyon, private physician to Cardinal du Bellay, this genial humanist edited Galen's works and wrote a novel whose gargantuan proportions set it apart from any other work of the French Renaissance.

5. Professor of anatomy and physiology at Harvard, he named the *Atlantic Monthly* and was the author of several novels, many essays, much humorous verse.

6. Novelist, essayist, playwright, poet, England's foremost literary hack and member of Johnson's circle studied medicine in Edinburgh and Leyden in his youth and for a time practiced in London.

7. Distinguished contemporary poet, winner of many literary awards, he studied medicine in Switzerland and Germany, received an M.D. from the University of Pennsylvania, and for many years has been a practicing physician in Rutherford, New Jersey.

8. Apprenticed to a surgeon at the age of fifteen, this bright star of England's literary heaven studied medicine in London, interned there, and became a licensed physician before turning his full attention to letters.

9. His first volume of stories was published the same year (1884) he took his medical degree at Moscow, and before the end of the century he was Russia's leading literary figure.

10. Educated to be a physician, this novelist, playwright, and government agent drew upon his own experiences as a medical student in portraying the chief character of his best and most famous novel (1915).

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THE COMMON MAN AS READER

(Continued from page 12)

cipal focus of interest is the fact that some unknown person has committed a crime and the reader is kept in suspense until the guilty person is made known, usually in the last chapter, through the subtle reasoning power of a detective. Multiple variations of this theme have been attempted by modern writers, but the outcome is always the same. And yet addicts of detective stories purchase millions of such books annually. I have heard of readers who read at least one per week. Why? In this instance the cultural explanation is not so simple. Steady readers of mystery stories offer a rationalized explanation which is almost wholly compensatory in meaning. They say they read mysteries because it takes them "out of this world." It releases them from the strains and stresses of contemporary life. It presents them with problems which they know in advance will be resolved but for the solution of which they bear no responsibility. The real world with its real problems thus becomes more bearable.

This interpretation may be accepted since all fictional literature performs a similar function, but why are Americans haunted particularly by crime? Ours is perhaps the most legalistic of all modern civilizations. We have agreed to give the courts a higher authority than either the legislative or executive branches of Government. A Congressional committee, after making a study of delinquency, crime, and corruption, arrives at recommendations which are all in essence proposals to pass more laws, thus illustrating again our almost pathetic faith in the Law as an instrument for improving human behavior.

Our lives are thus embedded in legalism, but at the same time most Americans bear a resentment against those legal institutions which attempt to regulate their behavior. They are nevertheless tormented by an antithetical sentiment, namely, the feeling that specific guilt should be revealed and punished.

NO ONE who seriously studies American culture will, I believe, deny that we are as a people peculiarly involved in delinquency, crime, and corruption. Nor will such a student be surprised if he is told that books dealing with these and related topics will be widely read when made accessible to a mass market.

We have now taken a cursory look at the four types of books which make up a large proportion of the sales of inexpensive reprints: Westerns, sex romances, science-fiction, and mysteries. These are the principal categories, and it is the mass sale of books in these classifications which forms the economic base of the reprint publishing business. Inexpensive books effectively distributed have demonstrated that these books are indicative of American taste. Literary taste is one sense a reflection of cultural experience and cultural value. In another sense it reflects deep-seated cultural needs. Consequently, before the tastes of a people are condemned, before the critic resorts to moral judgments, he should take a realistic look at the cultural matrix from which taste emerges. Are these books true reflections of basic ingredients in our civilization? If so, whoever makes such books available to the mass market is making a valid response to human need.

ALTHOUGH it is unmistakably true that skill and craftsmanship in the writing of books in these categories has immeasurably improved since the rise in mass production, it is also true that if American taste were appraised solely on this index it would leave most of us, especially educators, in a despondent mood. But we need not become despondent, because the democratization of book publishing has also demonstrated another fact of far greater importance. We now know

Behind the Books

DOUBLEDAY & CO. cast anchor the other day in omniparent paperback-waters—Anchor Books, to be exact, and it made just the kind of splash you'd expect of 80,000 copies. Anchor is Doubleday's second paperback entry, the first being Permabooks, but, unlike Permabooks, Anchor is highbrow through and through.

Possibly its best description can be found in its opening four titles, issued in editions of 20,000 apiece: Stendhal's "The Charterhouse of Parma," 95 cents; Francis Fergusson's "The Idea of a Theater," 75; D. H. Lawrence's "Studies in Classic American Literature," 65; and Joseph Bédier's "The Romance of Tristan and Iseult," 65. By the end of May, another eight titles will be scrambling for rack space—Edmund Wilson's "To the Finland Station" and Joseph Conrad's "The Secret Agent," among them. (The average price: 75 cents.) Well, that is a lot of titles—fine, overdue titles, too—and the first man who'd agree faster than you could say Rohcna Skoob backwards is Pyke Johnson, Jr., Doubleday's publicity manager. "Ours," Johnson announced proudly in his office the other afternoon, "will be the first reprint line in existence that won't include 'Walden'."

What he meant by that, said Johnson, a Thoreau man himself, was that "Walden" was already available in paperback, and that was enough to make it taboo. "Anchor Books," he explained, "will be available in no other inexpensive reprint form, and in many cases there is no other edition available." Johnson summed up by saying: "Anchor will put out inexpensive editions of works of fiction and non-fiction for the permanent library of the serious reader."

Almost as if on cue, a young man in a white button-down shirt and oxford gray flannels entered the office. He turned out to be Jason Epstein, Columbia '49, who had worked his way up from Trainee No. 1 of Doubleday's trainee program to editor-in-charge of Anchor Books. Epstein is twenty-four. "Anchor," he said, "seemed like the obvious thing to do—provide really good books at prices the majority can afford. Penguin and Mentor have proved there is a good audience for serious books, if only the price is right. They deserve credit." Fondling a copy of Stendhal (about 4″ x 7″), Epstein philosophized, "It's an act of faith in the existence of that audience that we went ahead and did this." He paused for a second, then added, "I guess that sounds kind of romantic."

All in all, Epstein, who conceived the Anchor project, is plenty optimistic about its success; only that morning, an order had come in from Tel Avil for 500 copies of an Anchor book coming out next month, Ernst Cassirer's "An Essay on Man." The price: 75¢.

—BERNARD KALB.

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that millions of American readers are hungry for the best. Reprint publishers have uncovered a latent market for the very best in world literature, a market so large and so responsive as to restore one's faith in democracy. Who would have dreamed a decade ago that a scholarly book on anthropology (Ruth Benedict's "Patterns of Culture") would, when made easily available at a low price, produce a buying public of half a million readers? Who would have suspected that millions of American readers wanted to read Shakespeare, Emerson, Whitehead, Sherwood, Dewey, Zola, Commager, Huxley, to mention only a few of the authors whose works have now become available! The record is almost incredible. There is a genuine taste for philosophy, science, religion, belles-lettres, and fiction of the highest order.

ALL of which brings us to the educator's responsibility. How is taste in reading to be improved? Unless democracy itself disintegrates, we must assume that there will be a further extension of freedom of choice. More people will be enabled to express their needs and fulfil their wants. This, as we have already pointed out, involves a risk. They may want more of the wrong things. The mere quantitative spread of fulfilment, if unaccompanied by an elevation of taste, may result in universal vulgarization. Some critics are afraid to take this risk. They want an authority, an elite, to prescribe the people's wants and desires. Others seem to believe that repression, suppression, and condemnation will effectively alter people's habits.

I reject both proposals. The only effective way of getting rid of a bad habit is to supplant it with a better one. Fortunately, most of our more important reprint publishers are aware of this psychological principle and are constantly reaching out for quality material. A few do not, and these have unhappily given the business a dubious reputation. But the movement is definitely upward. Greater quantities of quality books are reprinted year by year. Reprint publishers now vie with each other in a fierce competition for the republishing rights of books with a classical status. Reputable authors who only a few years ago withheld their books from the mass market are now eager to have their best works appear in paper covers. As usually happens when democracy is extended, the people will respond by allowing their better impulses a fuller sway. The democratic "revolution" in publishing has become another graphic illustration of the efficacy of the democratic faith.

BELLES-LETTRES

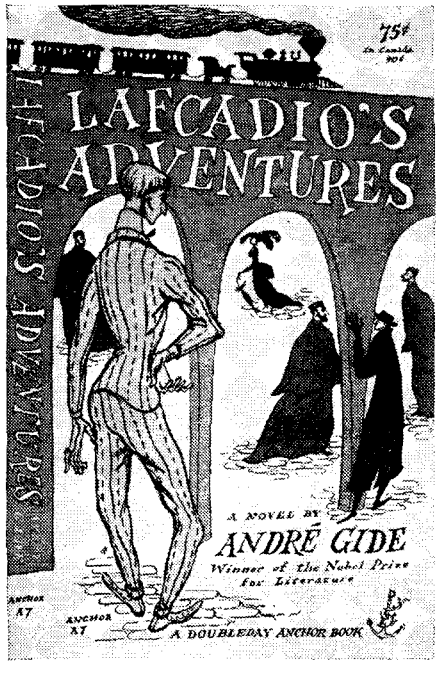
(*Continued from page* 16)

Hill's edition. He has added to Hill's explanatory notes, without attempting to supersede them. In the interests of an accurate text, he has for upwards of thirty years traced the originals of these letters in their peregrinations from collector to collector. Such persistence merits homage; but Chapman has increased the debt of Johnsonians everywhere by providing a series of analytical appendixes on the more important correspondences like Boswell's and Mrs. Thrale's, and on the relative dependability of the printed texts and the pitfalls of Johnson's deceptive handwriting; and another series of classified, descriptive, and analytical indexes that afford an invaluable starting-point for all sorts of special investigations, and comprise in effect a 200-page bio-bibliography and suggestive quotations. The pains of such an achievement are indeed apparent; the excitements and rewards may only be guessed from the long list of names in the prefatory Acknowledgments, and in the editor's intimate companionship, for half a lifetime, with a very great man. [Oxford University Press. Vol I: 1719-1774, 452 pp. Vol II: 1775-1782, 531 pp. Vol. III: 1782-1784, 477 pp. $35 the set.]

Notes

PHILOLOGICAL HODGEPODGE: Words and their ways are always a fascinating study. As the basic currency for human ideas they embody the history of a culture. The work of the lexicographer can thus deal with a wide range of subjects, from philosophic concepts to etymological roots. To Eric Partridge, who is an assiduous compiler of dictionaries, the study of words is not (in his phrase) merely "ingrown philology." He is aware of its human as well as its scientific basis. But his newest book, **"From Sanscrit to Brazil"** (British Book Centre, $2.50) is a disappointingly haphazard collection about his work, his hobbies, and himself. It includes twenty-five vignettes, which offer the origins of a wide variety of words. (The first example, from which the book takes its whimsical title, shows that Brazil had its source in a Sanscrit word.) Then come seven essays in a mixed lot.

The best of them is on "verbal narcotics," a form of addiction we all suffer from. (Mr. Partridge too.) Ironically, his least successful essay is on the language of Christopher Fry—where instead of literary criticism (about the fanciest verbal narcoticist of them all) he offers a cloud of opiate adoration. Between these essays the other five cover a variety of subjects and interest. As a whole the book hardly does justice to its author or its subject. —ROBERT HALSBAND.



One of the first Anchor Book jackets.

POUND REVISITED: The critical writing of Ezra Pound, based on his wide-ranging enthusiasms, in the literatures of Europe through the ages, has greatly affected contemporary poetry and criticism. T. S. Eliot, his most influential disciple, dedicated "The Waste Land" to him as "the better artist." And when Eliot remarks that all of European literature since Homer has a "simultaneous existence," we see how much he owes to his master's ideas.

The eleven essays by Pound in **"The Spirit of Romance"** (New Directions, $4) exhibit the catholicity, brilliance, and eccentricity of his taste. Originally published in 1910, and with an added commentary in 1929, they deal with the romance languages between the decadence of Latin vernacular and the end of the Renaissance. Included are an appreciation of Provençale poetry, a long, fairly conventional essay on Dante, on the French Villon, the Spanish Lope de Vega, and the Portuguese Camoens. Whatever his scholarly originality (and

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shortcomings) there is no doubt of his provocative and impatient intelligence. His passion for the first rate, by his lights, is as strong as his contempt for the mediocre or pretentious. He follows no literary formulas from textbooks, but explores, translates, and argues with slapdash vigor. Frequently he comes up with terse epigrams. One of the best—that restraint "drives the master toward intensity and the tyro toward aridity"—can be applied to other arts besides literature. —R. H.

LAST DAYS OF SHELLEY AND BYRON: One of the most vivid and least reliable eyewitness accounts of Shelley's and Byron's final days came from the pen of a swashbuckling adventurer, E. J. Trelawny. He knew them only briefly, for he joined the poets during their uneasy friendship in Pisa; not long afterwards Shelley was drowned, and Byron, accompanied by Trelawny, sailed off to fight for Greek independence. He also suffers from a strong bias: toward Shelley an intense adoration, and toward Byron a contempt later leavened by sympathy.

His great interest as memoirist comes from his skill in sketching a scene with dramatic clarity. His first impression of Shelley, for example: "Swiftly gliding in, blushing like a girl, a tall thin stripling held out both his hands; and although I could hardly believe as I looked at his flushed, feminine, and artless face that it could be the Poet, I returned his warm pressure." And his account of how Shelley's corpse was washed up on the beach and of its cremation makes powerful reading. Although he was not present at Byron's death—others were, and so that part of the Byronic epic survives—he examined the corpse with grim curiosity.

Obviously a writer as fascinating as Trelawny deserves to be read, and one as Munchhausian needs also to be carefully edited. J. E. Morpurgo has more than edited the "Recollections" in **"The Last Days of Shelley and Byron"** (Philosophical Library, $4.75), for he has woven in many additions from other sources as correctives and supplements. He unaccountably omits Iris Origo's "The Last Attachment," a definitive (and readable) book on Byron's liaison with Teresa Guiccioli.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Tobias Smollett. 2. Thomas Campion. 3. J. C. F von Schiller. 4. François Rabelais. 5. O. W. Holmes. 6. Oliver Goldsmith. 7. William Carlos Williams. 8. John Keats. 9. Antōn Chekhov. 10. W. Somerset Maugham.

But he has done well to resuscitate Trelawny in this full, sensible format. —R. H.

A FRESH LOOK AT GEORGE HERBERT: It is a truism of literary history that every age must reinterpret the literature of the past. In his "Seven Types of Ambiguity," William Empson, one of the most acute of today's New Critics sampled a method that has widely influenced others. Now, in a brief book, **"A Reading of George Herbert"** (University of Chicago Press, $5), Rosemond Tuve has come forward to examine the excesses of that kind of criticism; and since she does so with an appreciation of its virtues, her book is a modest kind of landmark.

Her book serves another purpose: to demonstrate how that seventeenth century religious poet should be read, understood, and appreciated. In her long essay on "The Sacrifice," which Empson had analyzed, she shows how its elements of wit, irony, symbolism, etc. are based on poetic and liturgical traditions thoroughly familiar to Herbert and his readers. Today our ignorance of these traditions allows a critic to discover new stylish ingenuities. Understanding the traditions does not at all rob the poem of its "ambiguities"—that is, its layers of significant meaning; rather it restores a complexity that is inherent in it.

The second part of her book, by exploring several aspects of Herbert's imagery and rhetoric, continues to illuminate her point of view. Her persuasiveness comes from a willingness to admit that the New Critical approach was, in part, a cure for the pedantry of historical and biographical criticism; but she wonders, with clear and temperate accusations, whether the cure has not itself become a pedantry. Her arguments are unusually sharp, yet good-natured and commonsensical, and set down in lucid, vigorous language. The book itself is handsomely printed (in England), with many plates—from religious books, manuscripts, and stained-glass windows—to prove that Herbert's elaborate wit and symbolism were part of the cultural milieu of his age. —R. H.

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YOUNG WOMAN, cultured, reliable, with two children, 8 and 5, desires summer employment minding house and, or children of family anticipating travel abroad. College graduate, impeccable references. Box P-46.

(*Continued on page 50*)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 49)

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FARM HOME, rolling country, ideal for children. 4 bedrooms, bath, modern kitchen. June 14 - August 22, $200. Box 54, R. 1, Potsdam, N. Y.

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Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

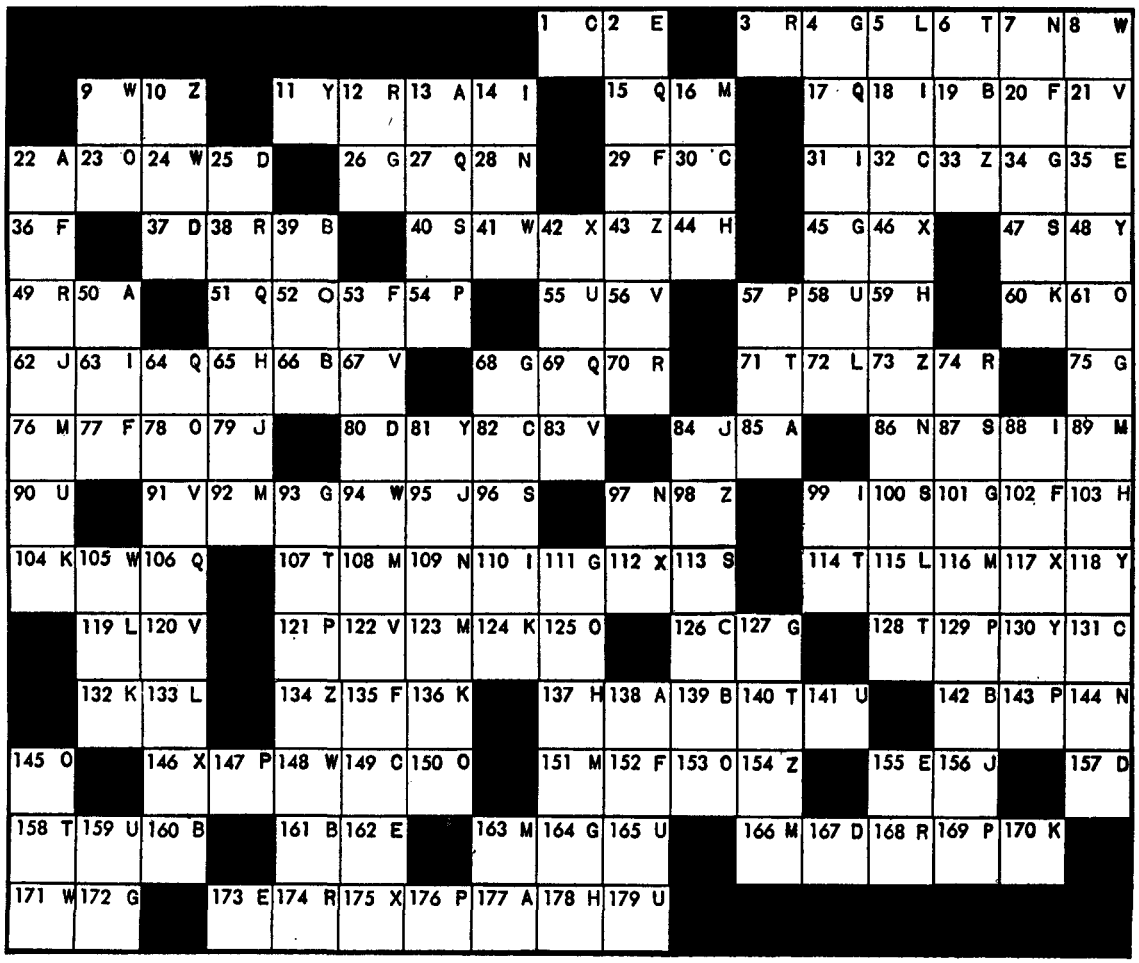
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Tendency to adopt habits and costume of opposite sex.	85 138 22 177 50 13
B. To dip.	161 19 142 66 139 160 39
C. Immovability of mental make-up.	131 30 126 1 32 82 149
D. Destitute of sincerity or sense.	167 80 157 37 25
E. Pattern of a work of art (Japanese) as seen in dark and light values only.	162 2 155 173 35
F. "Current" picked up off Peru by "Kontiki."	135 77 20 29 152 53 36 102
G. Customary solemn promise by one about to accept public responsibility (3 wds.).	127 101 75 164 45 68 34 172 93 111 26 4
H. From what source; wherefore.	137 44 59 65 178 103
I. Ensconce in an attractive abode.	88 63 31 18 99 14 110
J. Equilateral parallelogram with oblique angles.	95 79 156 62 84
K. To envelop as with a garment.	132 124 104 136 60 170
L. Robert Frost's first book of poems (with "of Boston;" 1914).	133 115 5 119 72
M. Partly one and partly the other (term much used in chemistry).	89 108 116 166 16 163 92 76 123 151

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. An agency of the UN.	97 28 109 144 86 7
O. Drop by drop (used in prescriptions).	125 61 78 145 52 150 23 153
P. Based on a register of landed property.	143 176 121 57 169 147 129 54
Q. Relative of the bear, called *Procyon lotor*.	106 27 51 17 64 69 15
R. Concise definition of a principle of science	168 3 38 12 70 49 74 174
S. Foam from profuse sweating.	87 113 47 100 96 40
T. One of the chief exports from Trinidad.	158 6 128 114 107 140 71
U. Draftsmen.	141 58 179 55 165 90 159
V. Epithet of Saint Thomas.	67 120 21 91 83 56 122
W. Powerful insecticide.	148 171 24 41 8 94 9 105
X. Blot out; expunge.	175 46 146 42 112 117
Y. Hush.	130 48 81 118 11
Z. Companionship or association with one's fellows.	98 10 43 73 154 134 33

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 20 of this issue.

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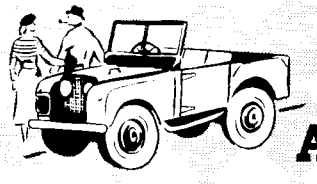

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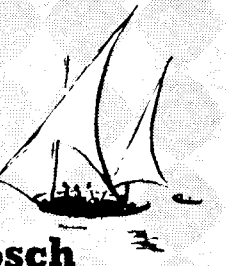

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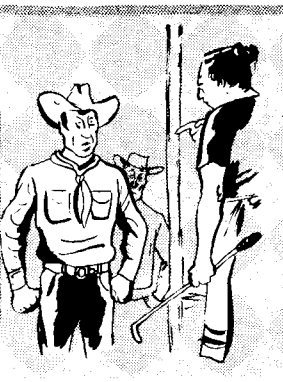

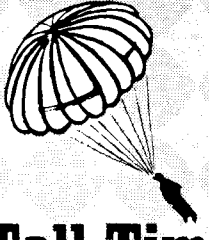

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